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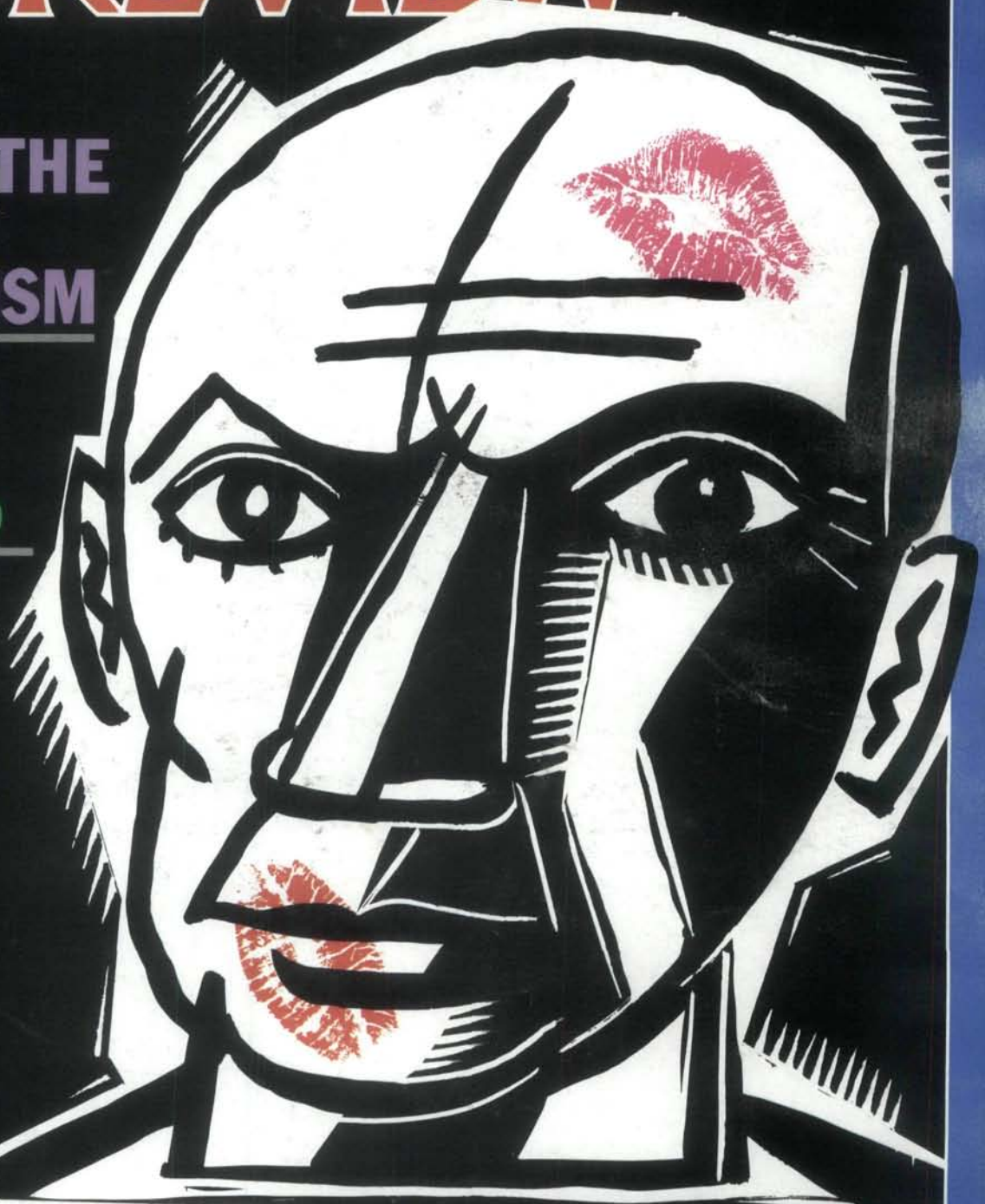

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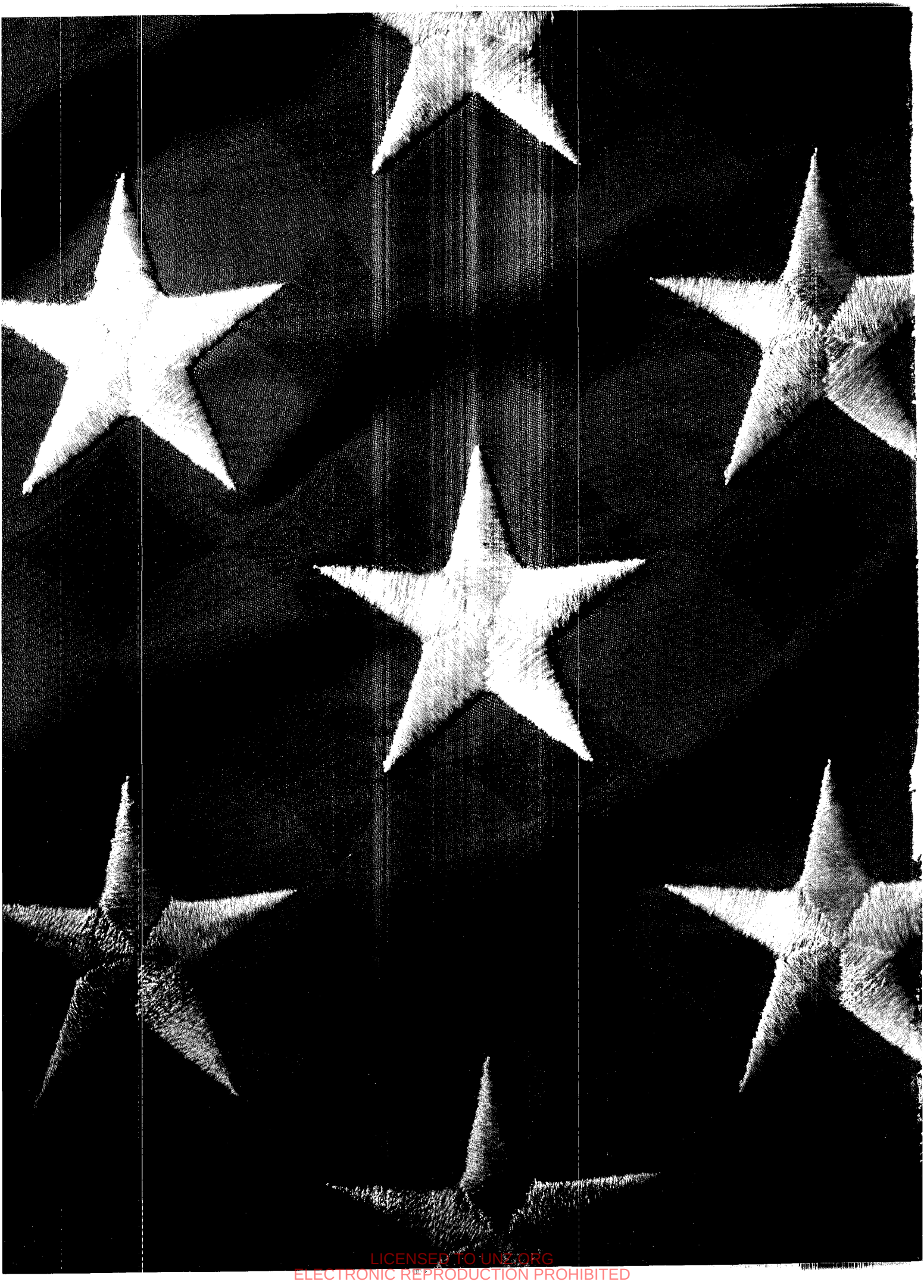

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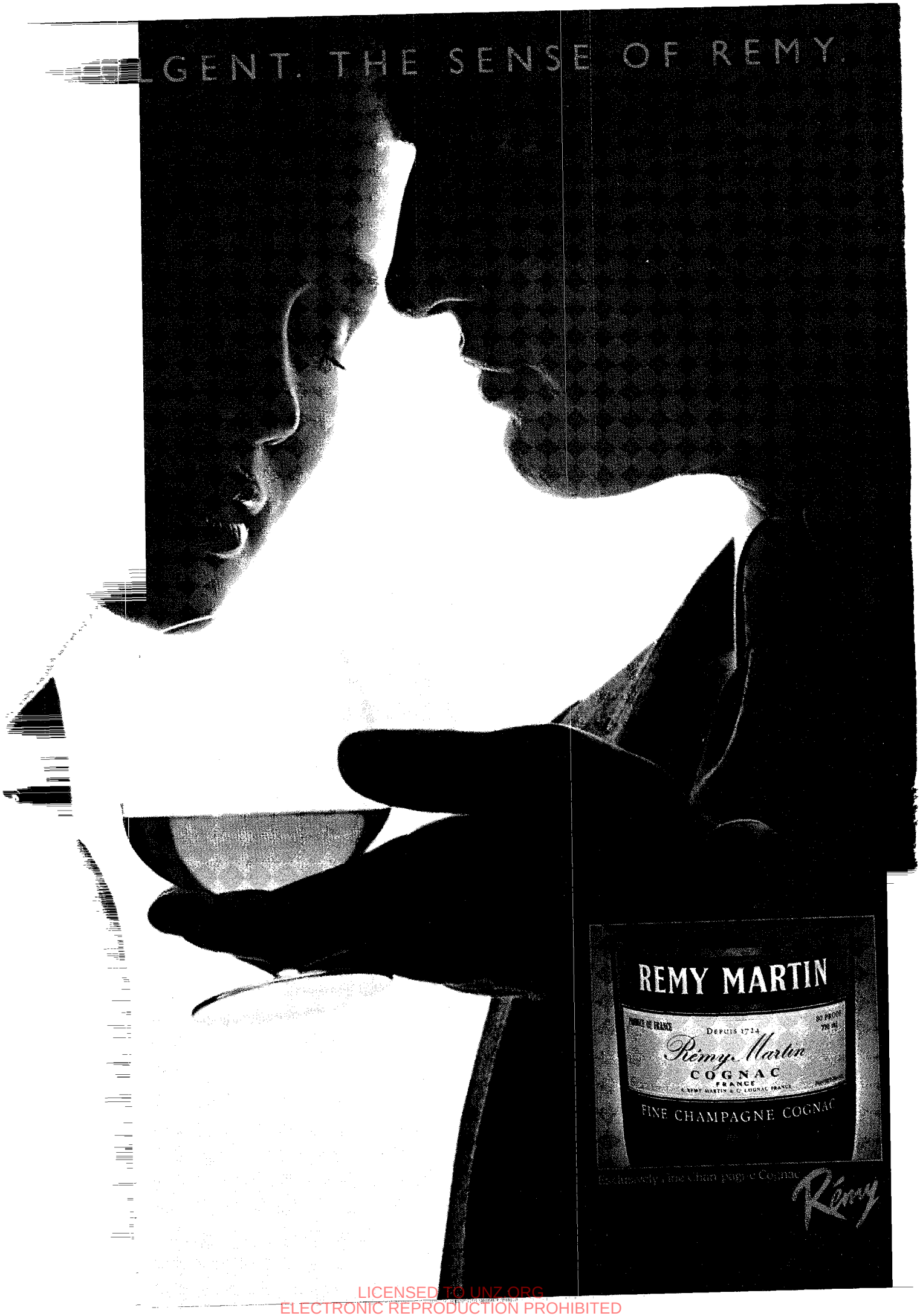

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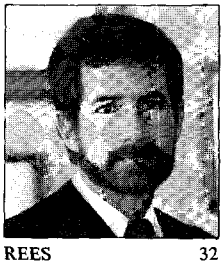
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LETTERS

Is Two Plus Two Still Four?

I was appalled to read in Mr. Finn's article ["Math Angles & Saxon," Nov. 25] that "just half of our 11th-graders in 1986 knew that 87 per cent of ten is less than ten." Even more appalling is the thought, What percentage of the *other* half now forms part of our colleges' freshman class—and do its members yet know what 87 per cent of ten is?

I went to Catholic schools, where basic mathematical skills were taught. My math SAT score was 680—and I was not an exception at my school. Math is like any other discipline: it is not what you learn, but how you learn it.

Matthew Sullivan
Chicago, Ill.

The Road Back to Rome

I was surprised by certain assertions made by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn in "The Road Back to Rome" [Oct. 14]. Given Pope Pius XII's condemnation, in his 1950 encyclical *Humani Generis*, of the "neo-modernism" that was "threatening to destroy the very foundations of the Catholic faith," I find it very hard to believe Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's inference that Pius XII ever envisioned a Vatican Council II in which theologians who had been silenced in the aftermath of that encyclical—e.g., Henri de Lubac and John Courtney Murray—would gain influence as *periti*. Indeed, adding to this the alleged intrigue that surrounded the suppression of the five hundred episcopal signatures calling for an official condemnation of Communism by the Council, I find it hard to believe that anyone could claim that Vatican Council II represented a continuation of the policies of the anti-modernist, anti-Communist Pian papacies that had preceded it.

Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn remembers "lecturing in America as early as the 1950s about the Ecumenical Movement in Germany, Austria, France, and Hungary," noting that "we had also occasionally had the Holy Mass in the vernacular . . ." Why does he make no note of the fact that the ecumenism and the liturgical innovation of the time were censured in the strongest terms by Pius XII in his encyclicals *Humani Generis* and *Mediator Dei* respectively? The latter, which was drawn up in response to Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's erstwhile enthusiasms and which was occasioned by a complaint lodged by Archbishop Groeber of Regensburg, Germany, in 1943, reads like a condemnation of many liturgical practices officially approved barely a decade later, e.g., "excessive archaism," which caused the abandonment of the venerable Roman Canon for "ancient Christian" prayers that are less theologically explicit; adoption of the primitive altar table; etc. Without wishing to challenge Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's reputation as a "die-hard traditionalist," it seems rather disingenuous of him not to consider the above questions in weighing the merits of Archbishop Lefebvre's cause, whose foundation is no less steady than those of most other Roman Catholic religious orders these days.

Margaret Hannan
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn Replies

Replying to Mrs. Hannan's letter I can only reaffirm my statements. I cannot, however, go into the details of the whole painful inside story of the encyclical *Humani Generis*, which has been based largely on information coming from certain French sources, which in ecclesiastic history so frequently found delight in Roman intrigues. (Remember the *Sodalitum Pianum*?) Masses in the vernacular were not infrequent for our high-school and college students in the 1920s under Pius XI—though, personally, I was and remain a devoted Latinist in a global age—and Eastern-rite Hungarians had their holy liturgy in Hungarian long before Vatican II came along.

Pius XII, soon after the issue of *Humani Generis*, sent a special message to Father Henri de Lubac—later a cardinal, as was my friend Father Jean Daniélou, also "censured" in the same encyclical. (Bishop Groeber I also knew very well.) The primitive altar table is nowhere mentioned in Vatican II decrees, and when Mrs. Hannan thinks that Pius XII's plan of an Ecumenical Council is "hard to believe," I can assure her that only too many facts in Church history are "hard to believe"—at least by the Philistines of all the various camps, especially if they live far from the Eternal City.

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Lans, Tyrol, Austria

Apathetic and Illiterate

With much interest, I read Richard

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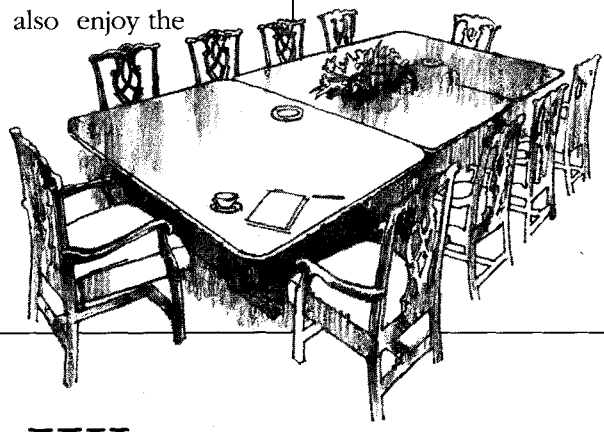

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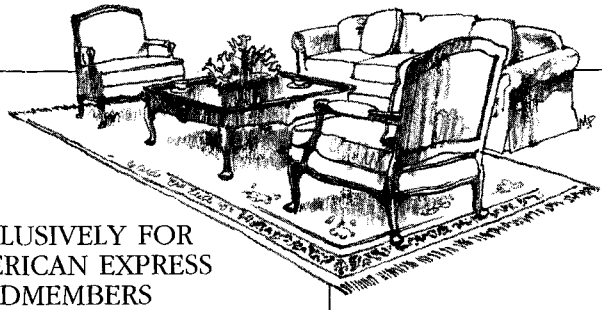

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Lynn's "Why Johnny Can't Read, but Yoshio Can" [Oct. 28]. Leaving entirely aside the question of the wisdom and healthfulness of the academic pressures that are put on Japanese children, Mr. Lynn's theses entirely fail to explain the reasons for our universally acknowledged educational deficiencies. He holds that our system fails because it lacks the following elements of the Japanese system: a national curriculum prescribed by the central government; motivation of the students by means of a hierarchical ranking of "elite schools"; and the stimulus of powerful academic competition among schools. I suggest that each one of these points is open to argument.

A national curriculum may be possible and desirable in a geographically small country with a centralized unitary government. I shudder to think of the costs that overseeing such a curriculum would impose here—where, in any event, we have a tradition of non-centralized government. Also, we do have elite private schools, and in many places elite public schools. And we do have academic competition among schools, especially at the college level. But Johnny still can't read.

The whole slant of American society today is against the successful operation of the Japanese model here. Alas, we do not value education as much as Japanese society does. Otherwise, we would not tolerate the present low level of learning among our children; we would not tolerate a 20 per cent illiteracy rate in our population; we would not tolerate the ignorance of geography shown by all ages, or the desecration of our language shown in everyday speech. The trouble lies not in our system but in us, the people.

Perry Laukhuff
Amherst, Va.

Mr. Lynn Replies

The problem with American education is that it is run the same way the Soviets run their industry and agriculture, namely, as a producer-controlled state monopoly. The result in both cases is low motivation, poor morale, and a high level of inefficiency. The solution must turn on designing a system that generates competition and thereby raises motivation in both teachers and schoolchildren. Japan is the obvious place to look for a model because Japanese educational standards are so much higher than those in the U.S. and Europe, but there may be other ways in which principles of good old American free enterprise could be applied to schools.

Richard Lynn
Coleraine, Northern Ireland

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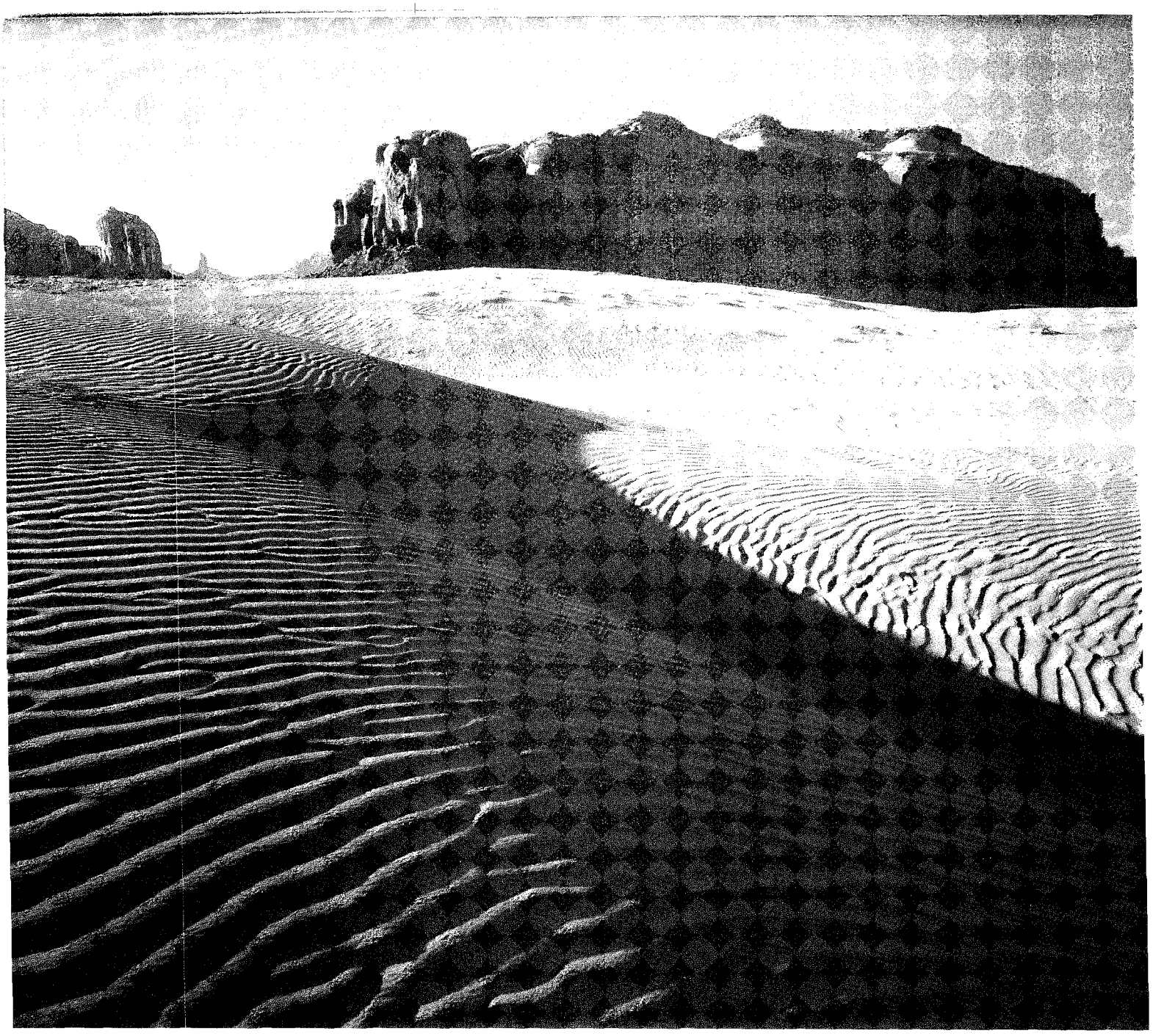

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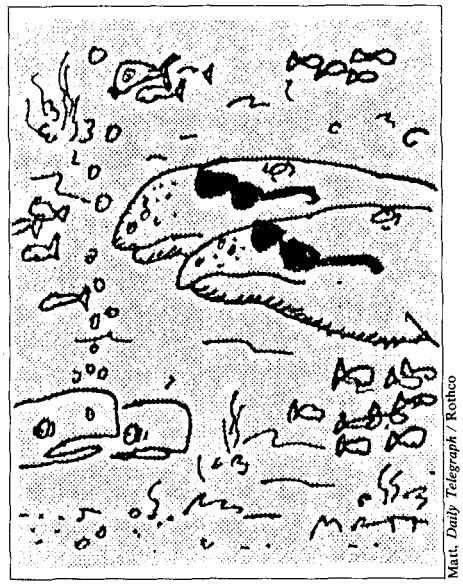
FOR THE RECORD

About the Senate. The Democrats gained one seat, but ideologically you can chalk up '88 as a conservative win. Here's how it breaks down: There will be five new Republican faces in the Senate, and in each case a more conservative candidate replaces a less conservative one. *Mississippi*: Rep. **Trent Lott**, ACU rating 93—all ratings will be ACU cumulative ratings—will replace **John Stennis** (61), who retired, in a victory over Rep. **Wayne Dowdy** (36). *Florida*: Rep. **Connie Mack** (94) beat out Rep. **Buddy MacKay** (29) to replace **Lawton Chiles** (40). *Montana*: **Conrad Burns** (no legislative record) beat incumbent **John Melcher** (24). Burns campaigned as conservative. *Vermont*: **Jim Jeffords**, a Republican liberal (32), replaces an even more liberal Republican, retiring Sen. **Robert Stafford** (25). *Washington*: Former Sen. **Slade Gorton** (1981 voting record: 71) beat Rep. **Mike Lowry** (8) to replace GOP Sen. **Daniel Evans** (40). . . . In states where Democrats took over from Republicans it was mixed bag. *Connecticut*: Democrat **Joe Lieberman** ran to right of **Lowell Weicker** (29), which wasn't hard, and won. *Virginia*: Former Democratic Gov. **Chuck Robb**, who took seat GOP Sen. **Paul Trible** vacated, beating black Republican candidate **Maurice Dawkins**, is a moderate to conservative Dem. Conservatives lost to liberals only in *Nebraska*, where incumbent **David Karnes** (96) was beaten by liberal former Gov. **Robert Kerrey** (no ACU listing), and in *Nevada*, where incumbent **Chic Hecht** (89) lost to liberal Gov. **Richard Bryan**. . . . In summarizing senatorial races, *Congressional Quarterly* comments: "A major measure of a party's performance in any election year is its score in contests where no incumbent is running. In this category the GOP won four of six."

Other races of interest. When Republican Rep. **Newt Gingrich** (Ga.) committed lèse majesté against the person of Speaker **Jim Wright** last summer—he needled the Ethics Committee into looking into Wright's activities—the Democratic leadership in the House decreed that Gingrich MUST GO. Rep. Gingrich defeated his Democratic opponent, **David Worley**, by 59 to 41 per cent. . . . Another popular win: in New York, **Serph Maltese**, longtime head of New York's Conservative Party, won his election to State Senate. . . . Both blacks who ran for Senate as Republicans, Maurice Dawkins, Va., and **Alan Keyes**, Md., lost, as did three black candidates for House seats: **James Cumming** (Ind.), **Jerry Curry** (Va.), and **Ronald Crutcher** (Ohio).



Matt, *Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

"They've been unbearable ever since they were on TV."

It was all too much for columnist **Mary McGrory**, who says the **Bush** campaign succeeded in painting **Michael Dukakis** as "a woolly-headed do-gooder, a coddler of murderers, a polluter of harbors, who hates tanks and who clapped his hand over the mouths of patriotic little Yankee schoolchildren who would recite the Pledge of Allegiance." . . . **Godfrey Sperling Jr.**, senior *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent in Washington, says that going down with Dukakis was "the concept that a Northern Democrat can make it to the Presidency. **Hubert Humphrey**, **George McGovern**, and **Walter Mondale** offered convincing proof that this strategy doesn't work." . . . **George Will** thinks the problem goes deeper than that. Post-election analyses, he says, "encourage in the Democrats the soothing belief that their party's problems are in the nuts and bolts of the machinery and not in the party's mind." And he asks: "How many times does the electorate have to hit the Democrats over the nose with a crowbar before the party gets the point?" . . . **David Broder** suggests that a Southerner, Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen**, who gained recognition and approval in his vice-presidential candidacy and who is chairman of Finance Committee, would be logical Democratic candidate in 1992. . . . Did you know that at end of campaign Michael Dukakis's unfavorable rating, at 40, was worse than **Dan Quayle**'s, at 36?

Some well-deserved tributes: An awards banquet hosted by the U.S. Industrial Council Education Foundation for **Thomas Fleming**, editor of *Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture*, in Washington Nov. 15, speakers **Joseph Sobran** and **Russell Kirk**. And Ethics and Public Policy Center dinner, also in Washington the following night, honoring Dr. **Edward Teller**. . . . Last call for six-week winter session of National Journalism Center, starting in Washington Dec. 12. It provides practical training in editorial skills plus experience working under professional journalists, and pays students a $100 weekly stipend. Application deadline: Dec. 7. For info, contact **M. Stanton Evans**, **Chris Warden**, or **Mal Kline**, at 800 Maryland Ave., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002; phone 202-544-1333.

The hype over the rescue of those two grey whales got to *L'Express*, the popular French weekly, which called it "one of those operations of ecological cretinism of which the United States has the secret."

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THE WEEK

☐ In a spirit of magnanimity, we offer Governor Dukakis the way to redeem himself and solve the two monster problems of Greater Boston at a single stroke: pave Boston Harbor for a parking lot.

☐ One freak result of the election is that one of its losers, Lloyd Bentsen, is a big winner. Ordinarily, a vice-presidential candidate who couldn't even deliver his home state would be spurned by party leaders. But we're not talking about an ordinary state, or an ordinary loser. With Robert Byrd stepping down as Senate Majority Leader, Bentsen will return to Washington as the surrogate father of the Democratic Party; he is trusted by moderates and liberals, is a top fundraiser, and is not perceived as a threat to other Democrats planning a White House run in 1992. As Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, he will be dealing with George Bush's proposals on taxes, Medicare, Social Security, welfare, trade, and budget cuts. It's High Noon on the Hill—Sheriff Bush versus Big Bad Bentsen. Let's hope it ends like the movie.

☐ Dick Gephardt's big mistake, it seems, was to run too early, and in the wrong country. The Canadian election on November 21 became a fierce battle over protection. We do not know, as these words are written, whether the liberal/socialist anti-free-trade surge will have carried all before it. We do know, based on history and general economic literacy, what the consequences will be if it has: an increase in protectionist pressures here (to get back at those unfair Canucks). If the world economy stays sunny, a slight haze. If it grows stormy, *le déluge*. And it won't be *après nous*.

☐ Professor Schlesinger should have waited a few months before proclaiming that we are entering a new Liberal Cycle.

☐ Mrs. Thatcher arrived in Poland just days after the Communist government had announced that it was closing the loss-making Lenin shipyard in the Solidarity stronghold of Gdansk, and General Jaruzelski seized the opportunity to welcome the Prime Minister as an advocate of economic realism and an opponent of trade unions. It was a political calculation in the best tradition of Communist cynicism. If Mrs. Thatcher remained silent, she seemed to endorse the closure; if she condemned it, she seemed hypocritical for demanding in Poland the trade-union rights and industrial subsidies she opposed at home. The truth—that the Polish unions are fighting for basic rights while the British unions had exploited unjustified privileges to destroy profitability throughout the country's industry—seemed too complicated to convey in the age of sound bites. She conveyed it nonetheless. Seated next to Jaruzelski at an official banquet, she told him: "You will only achieve higher growth, only release enterprise, only spur people to greater effort, only obtain their full-hearted commitment to reform, when people have the dignity and enjoyment of personal and political liberty." The next day she was greeted by enthusiastic crowds chanting "We love Thatcher" when she laid a wreath on the grave of the Solidarity martyr Father Jerzy Popieluszko. Later, she was cheered by five thousand shipyard workers when she met Lech Walesa at the birthplace of Solidarity. Back home, Labour Party and union bosses duly condemned her "hypocrisy," playing their allotted role in Jaruzelski's script. But the British public saw this as sour grapes at yet another overseas success for this formidable woman. Courage pays.

☐ The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW heartily congratulate George Herbert Walker Bush on his ascendancy. During the primary season, *NR* gave full treatment to his candidacy even as it was here and there obvious that Jack Kemp was *NR*'s choice for All American. We respect Mr. Bush's accomplishments, admire his courage, and (where relevant) delight in his company. We are here to help him and the Republican Party when the going gets rough (as it will). But we remind the President-elect that *NR*'s function, as a journal of opinion, is to attempt to speak the truth, to criticize as well as to encourage, reproach as well as applaud. The years ahead will be busy—for both of us.

☐ Moving briskly into the twelfth century B.C., the Soviet Union has agreed to allow the teaching of Hebrew.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A DEMOCRATIC strategist we know has a dream—or, more precisely, a recurring nightmare. It is that Republicans have learned how to rap, and that the Democratic Party's core of support has been whittled down to a few neo-isolationist Belgian-endive farmers in Iowa.

The funny thing is that he dreamt this again after the blowout of George Bush on election day. That's right, the blowout. The Vice President didn't do much better among blacks—he got about 12 per cent of their votes—than Ronald Reagan did in 1984. This, despite all the talk of the new inclusiveness of the Republican Party, despite all the ballyhooed efforts of Republicans to reach out to minorities, and despite the fact that the only blacks running for the Senate this year were both Republicans.

Indeed, the election of 1988 has driven home one simple message: In politics, the United States is actually two countries, one Republican, one Democratic; one white, one black. To see how strongly presidential politics cleave along racial lines—and to grasp the immensity of the challenge before the GOP as it endeavors to attract black support—take a look at the way the votes fell on November 8.

Governor Dukakis won ten states—all of them, with the exception of terminally Democratic New York, states where blacks make up substantially less of the population than the nationwide percentage of 12.4 per cent. Eliminate bastions of Republicanism like Utah and Arizona, and you might say that the whiter the state, the better the shot Dukakis had of winning it. In Oregon, for example, blacks make up about 2.4 per cent of the population. And Oregon is one of the few states where Dukakis won a majority (54 per cent) of the white vote. Now consider Mississippi, where more than a third of the residents are black, and where Bush won the support of 78 per cent of the white voters. Or take Texas, 12 per cent black, where Bush got 62 per cent of the white vote.

But before you jump to any conclusions, think about this: the whiter the state, the better George Bush did among blacks. In West Virginia, where blacks make up about 3.3 per cent of the population, Bush got 29 per cent of their vote. (Dukakis, meanwhile, got 53 per cent of the white vote.) By contrast, Bush received less than 5 per cent of the black vote in Mississippi.

Lest you be made dizzy by this avalanche of statistics, think about the following proposition. In states where there are few blacks, racial issues don't predominate, and voters are more apt to cross over the traditional lines fusing race with party. In states with a higher percentage of blacks, one finds a higher level of racial tensions and a proportionately greater tendency among both blacks and whites to let pigment determine their polling preference.

All of which portends dire things for strategists in both parties. Democrats have to worry about alienating black voters—their most loyal constituency—in their effort to bring ethnic and blue-collar conservatives back to the fold. But Republicans will have a particularly tough time reaching out to blacks in the electoral-vote-rich industrial states of the Midwest and the East without surrendering the support they have gained in the South. Republicans have in the last two decades succeeded in putting together winning coalitions for their presidential candidates for many reasons. At least one of those reasons, however, centers on the unspoken and incorrect view among many conservative whites (many of whom used to be Southern Democrats) that Republicans are antagonistic to the rights of minorities. The Republicans' challenge is to eradicate that dimwitted notion, without alienating Southern whites. If they can do that, then black support will grow, and the Republican Party really will be on its way toward becoming the majority party in the United States. —CATO

☐ Moving briskly into the media, c. 1980-88 and ff., Mr. Gorbachev announced that the Soviet Union has been running a bigger deficit than admitted, which follows briskly the prior admission that the Soviet Union had a deficit. He didn't blame Congress, either.

☐ We forget that judicial activism and the liberal assault on established legal practice extends far beyond just rewriting the Constitution. Now, to remind us, the Manhattan Institute's Peter W. Huber has written *Liability: The Legal Revolution and Its Consequences* (Basic Books). Huber traces the current crisis in liability law to an intentional rewriting of the common law beginning in the 1950s. Following "the best" legal minds, judges have moved liability law from the realm of contract to that of tort. In doing so they have vastly expanded the right to sue. No longer are adequate warnings or contractural acceptance of risk any sort of defense; and concepts such as actual (as opposed to unquantifiable "emotional") damage and other traditional restraints on ambulance chasing are out the window. Huber shows how reformers have given us fewer and more expensive doctors, driven worthwhile products off the market, and even made it impossible for municipalities and public-service organizations to obtain necessary insurance. Huber demonstrates that the liability crisis derives from the false belief that litigation is more likely to satisfy man's wants than are the invisible hand and common law tested by centuries.

☐ Defeated candidates may wish to patronize Enough Is Enough, a "creative revenge" service in Newton, Massachusetts. For a modest fee, the company will deliver such items as withered roses, dead fish, or real stuffed shirts to others.

☐ A "sundae poll" by an Indiana dairy chain, in which customers vote by selecting such delectations as "Bush's Ballot Box Split" and "Dukakis's Dream Delight," was again successful in predicting the presidential and gubernatorial winners, as it has every time since it was begun in 1952. We will keep an eye on this in 1992.

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☐ ERRATA: An error crept into Peter Osterlund's California report in "How to Start a Landslide" (November 7). The text predicted that, in California, "the Republicans will continue to control the State Senate while the Democrats control the Assembly." The Democrats in fact controlled and continue to control both houses. . . . And a qualification was omitted from a reference to the *Wall Street Journal* in John McLaughlin's column for November 25. Republican congressional candidates did not "garner . . . a majority of votes cast in 1984"—they garnered a majority of votes cast *in contested elections*.

☐ Time to curb BuckPac?

Personnel and Policy

NO SELF-RESPECTING political animal goes out to lunch these days without a Cabinet list in his pocket. Here are some of the jottings on ours.

Conservatives are glum about the prospect of Dick Thornburgh staying on at Justice. The only thing that would make them glummer is a maneuver, floated here and there, whereby Thornburgh would be nominated to fill the first Supreme Court vacancy, with William Ruckelshaus or Jim Thompson replacing him. Trade is sure to be an issue for the next four years. Congresswoman Lynn Martin is a tough, competent free-trader, and would make a fine U.S. Trade Representative. Daniel Oliver, currently Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, would bring the same qualities to Commerce (unlike William Verity, the outgoing Commerce Secretary, Oliver knows that American businessmen shouldn't pay for *perestroika*).

George Bush doesn't much like Jack Kemp, but Kemp still represents the intellectual energy of the party. Kemp at Labor or HHS would be able to demonstrate that conservatives have solutions to poverty. Samuel Pierce did a good job of implementing the Republican agenda at HUD (see "The Unsung Hero of the Reagan Revolution," p. 29). So would Bob Woodson, a key coordinator of the movement to privatize public housing. Given his campaign rhetoric, Bush will surely continue the "war on drugs." Bill Bennett wants the job.

The press has been doing a number on John Tower, who would like to be Secretary of Defense: he's too tight with the Pentagon, he couldn't manage effectively, etc., etc. Tower knows you need good management. He also understands American defense needs and strategies better than any neophyte could. Richard Darman may already have the OMB slot by the time this issue appears. As a born-again supply-sider, he might seem wasted crunching numbers; but if Bush is serious about a flexible freeze, Darman is the man to work it out for him. Alan Keyes, who just lost his Senate race against Paul Sarbanes, once worked for Jeane Kirkpatrick at the UN. Give him her old job.

John Sununu is reported to have Chief of Staff. If so, that's good news. The New Hampshire governor is a smart, feisty conservative. He is also one reason George Bush, and not Bob Dole, is making these decisions. With Sununu in the White House, conservatives can be sure of having one highly placed advocate.

Their other advocate is the Vice President. Dan Quayle got the worst press pounding of any presidential or vice-presidential candidate since Barry Goldwater (and that includes Thomas Eagleton—people felt sorry for Eagleton). Quayle's stiff performance in his debate with Lloyd Bentsen urged his tormentors on. A few voices—Richard Perle, Teddy Kennedy—spoke up for his intelligence and competence as the pack howled. No doubt they, and not the bloodhounds, will be proved right.

A final caveat. The mantra of all transitions is, "Personnel is policy," and it is true enough. But the deeper truth is that politics is policy. If George Bush is as firm and aggressive a President as he was a candidate, his enemies will not get the better of him. If he lets his agenda be dictated by the *Washington Post*, Alexander Hamilton at Treasury and Thomas Jefferson at State wouldn't be much use.

The Once and Future Congress

MOST OF THE valedictory headlines hailing the departed 100th Congress called it "productive." A few here and there used the more accurate "activist" —more accurate, that is, on the assumption that "activist" means "liberal."

This was the Congress that cut off military aid to the Contras (no "activity" there, but liberalism pure and simple). This was the Congress whose manhandling of Judge Robert Bork, on the Senate side, set a new low in judicial confirmations, and which, acting as a joint body, held the Iran-Contra hearings firmly on the level of a partisan show trial (ignoring, e.g., Congress's own role in generating the United States' confused Central American policy). This was the Congress that opened by overriding presidential vetoes of pork-barrel water and highway projects, and went on to throw money at imprudent Texas thrifts. This was the Congress that passed the Civil Rights Restoration Act, no restoration, nothing to do with civil rights, but an extension of the power of the Federal Government into every recess of private institutions with which it has dealings (which is to say, all private institutions). This was the Congress that approved both a free-trade pact with Canada and a trade bill that stopped short of full-throttle Dick Gephardt-style Jap-bashing, but only just.

Twenty-five years ago, in an important essay, "The Two Majorities," Willmoore Kendall discerned a dou-

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ble voting pattern at work in the American electorate. The same voters who elected liberal Presidents simultaneously picked conservative congressmen. The divergence, Kendall concluded, was dictated by the structure of the system. Congressmen, attentive to concrete concerns and local opinion, had their feet on the ground, in a way that Presidents no longer could.

The two majorities remain, but the dynamics of the system have changed. In a post-Great Society era, local opinion is concerned with divvying up goodies. The voters choose the President, meanwhile, in the hope that he will protect them from everyone else's congressmen.

There are signs that change may come to the congressional majority. The post-1990 reapportionment should undo some of the gerrymandering that has boosted even fairly narrow Democratic majorities in total votes cast for congressional candidates into a plump House cushion. And in the immediate term, although Democrats picked up a few seats in the 101st Congress, the ideological shift was slightly to the right (see "For the Record," p. 9). But don't expect this Congress to be much less "productive" than its predecessor.

Weicker, Toppled

With ropes taut from the tension
  And TNT in holes
Drilled just for the occasion,
  The voters read the polls,
Then tugged in one direction
  (From left to right) until
He tumbled down the hillside
  Less gracefully than Jill.

W. H. von Dreele

Dallas, November 22, 1963

When William McKinley was assassinated in 1901, every sixty-year-old in the country could remember two previous presidential murders—James Garfield's, twenty years earlier, and Abraham Lincoln's, 36 years earlier. When John F. Kennedy was killed 25 years ago, no sixty-year-old could remember anything comparable. There had been deaths in the White House from illness, but not from violence. That was one reason JFK's assassination was especially shocking.

It was shocking also because the main note of Kennedy's style was a glamorous youthfulness. Though Richard Nixon, his opponent, was only a few years older, Kennedy carried himself with more lightness and energy. In previous times, leaders inspired their people with their words. Kennedy spoke a lot of words that struck a sympathetic intelligentsia as eloquent—wrongly so, it now seems, re-reading those jingly, overwritten cadences. But in the TV age, personal style has become a component of rhetoric. In stylistic terms, Kennedy and wife played their parts to perfection.

How sad then that, apart from style, there was so little to the Kennedy Presidency. In the last issue of National Review, Francis X. Winters recounted ("They Shoot Allies, Don't They?") the grim tale of Kennedy's dealings—cynical, arrogant, and incompetent—with Ngo Dinh Diem. The pattern—of impulsively signed blank checks that would never be honored—extended to other areas besides Vietnam. The Kennedy Administration put an army on a Cuban beach, then declined to give it air cover. It spoke noble words against the Berlin Wall, and let it stand. It acquiesced in the windy universalism of the UN, and briefly promoted, in the Peace Corps, a home-grown variety. If it didn't pump up cut-rate statism and the civil-rights movement as zealously as the Johnson Administration would, it gave them rhetorical comfort.

When the New Left wave hit the country (and the Democratic Party) in the late Sixties, the liberalism Kennedy left behind him was unable to resist. The greatest symbol of its failure was Jack's brother, Bobby. At the start of the decade, he had coordinated Kennedy Administration plans to assassinate Castro (another fruitless venture). As the end of the decade, and of his life, approached, he transformed himself into a kids' candidate—a guerrilla within the Democratic Party.

These criticisms are of immediate as well as historical interest because there has lately grown up a conservative cult of Jack Kennedy. There are some reasons for it. Supply-siders applaud Kennedy for a tax-rate cut he initiated (though, as Jude Wanniski noted in *The Way the World Works*, Kennedy imposed it for Keynesian, not supply-side, reasons). The Kennedy cult also offers a handy stick for beating the Dukakises of this world: See (the line goes) how much more hard-nosed he was than you are.

True enough, the liberalism of JFK was a lot better than the liberalism of Dukakis, or Jesse Jackson. That's not saying much. The 25-year-old variety was bad enough.

The Abortion Message

Three state referenda on abortion funding—in Michigan, Colorado, and Arkansas—remind us again why the Left fought so furiously to block Robert Bork's confirmation: when the issue is available to the political process, abortion loses.

There's a lesson here for George Bush. If the two parties didn't differ on abortion, Michael Dukakis

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NO MANDATE?

GEORGE BUSH won the election with a sizable majority of the popular and an overwhelming majority of the electoral vote. This gave him a mandate to exercise presidential powers. To be sure, media analysts point out that according to exit polls in Alabama only a minority of left-handed grandmothers voted for him. But the Constitution does not require a majority of every group, or even every state. Bush got a majority in forty states, and that is quite enough.

According to our Constitution the President is Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces. He is to execute the laws, to nominate subordinate executives, to nominate federal judges, to accept or veto congressional legislation, to make treaties which the Senate must ratify, and to report on the state of the Union. That's about it. The Constitution does not mention mandates.

Nobody can determine *a priori* how a President is to meet the many problems he will have to meet. Further, there can be no consensus among voters on priorities and solutions. There can therefore be no mandates. We elect persons, not ideas, programs, or ideologies.

A President can indicate the general direction in which he wishes to take the country. He can also give firm specific pledges. But both are subject to the unexpected twists of history. Thus FDR was re-elected in 1940 on a promise to keep the U.S. out of the Second World War—and promptly broke it. He may have intended this anyway, but Pearl Harbor gave him justification. And armed intervention against the Nazis was an extension of Roosevelt's hostility toward them, which had been plain before the 1940 election.

In practice, most legislation—not least the budget, which determines how much money is to be raised and spent, and by what means—originates in Executive departments, to be modified, accepted, or rejected by Congress. The President's power largely depends on his ability to persuade Congress to go along. And that in turn is influenced by Congress's estimate of the popular backing for the President's general approach.

The media now insist that because he spent too much time attacking Michael Dukakis rather than outlining his own policies, George Bush has no "popular mandate" and therefore his policies will not be legitimate. But by attacking Michael Dukakis's record and ideology Mr. Bush made clear in which direction he intended to move on all important fronts; by electing him the voters indicated their agreement.

Mr. Bush attacked Dukakis as a "liberal": in current parlance that means one who expects to achieve a variety of aims by increasing government activity and expenditure. Mr. Bush declared that he wanted to shrink rather than increase the government.

Why then all this talk of "no mandate"?

When Franklin Delano Roosevelt came in in the 1930s, Republicans, who felt that the Presidency was their property, actually felt that he was somehow illegitimate. "That man" surely was a mistake. He did not have a mandate to undertake the reforms he briskly introduced. FDR lied and manipulated (he was elected on his promise to balance the budget), but he was re-elected as long as he lived.

Skip a few Presidencies. When Ronald Reagan first was elected, the media and academe, who thought that the Presidency was the rightful property of liberals, however affected by malaise, told us that it was a fluke. People just liked that cowboy actor who didn't have any grasp of what he was doing. Well, the voters re-elected him overwhelmingly. This time the media—totally unwilling to concede that Ronald Reagan did what the voters elected him to do—came up with the Teflon Presidency. He was stupid and obviously wrong, but somehow the voters, enchanted by his smile, did not notice.

WELL, GEORGE BUSH never was an actor. His smile is average. So how can he be explained and delegitimized? It's his negative campaigning. He came in only because he made those nasty allegations against poor little Michael Dukakis, who, somehow, neglected to respond in time, promising instead to give people what they already had—good jobs and good wages. He also promised to protect them from unconstitutional pledges of allegiance or prayers in school. Now that would have been a mandate—if the voters had only understood!

The losing party tends to suggest that the winner won by trickery, and that the voters did not really approve his program. In the Bush case this wishful fantasy will be used by the media to try to persuade the Democratic Congress to sabotage the Republican President's program. But the President has powerful allies in the voters, who may very well persuade their representatives to help him. And quite a number of Democrats are not liberals at all. They are open-minded. So the President's program has a decent chance—and it is a decent program. □

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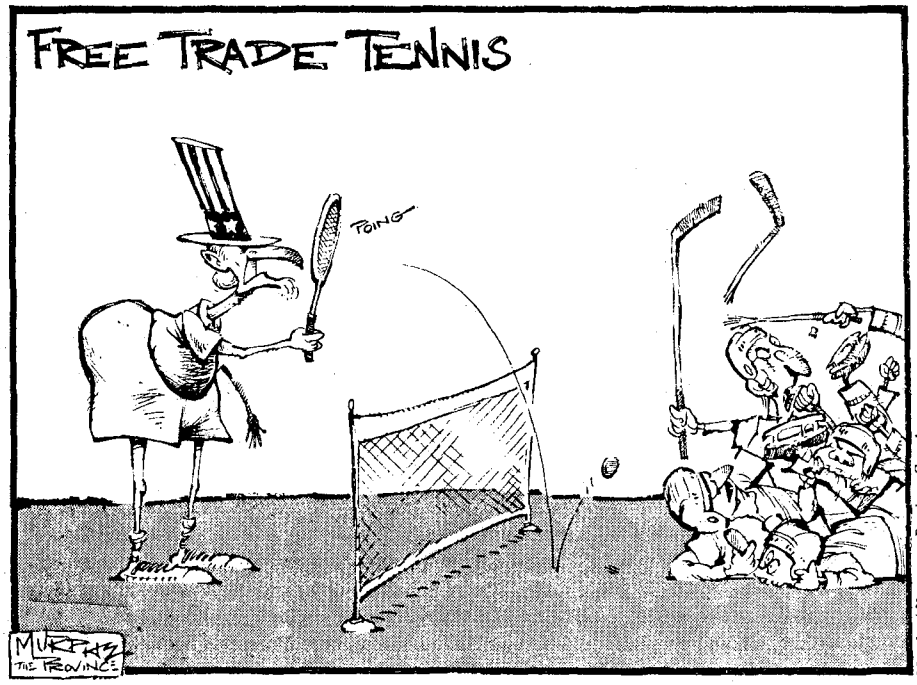
might now be our President-elect. An ABC exit poll found that nearly a third of the "Reagan Democrats" who stayed with Bush ranked abortion at the top of their list of concerns.

During the campaign, Bush went out of his way to stress his opposition to abortion, but his evident ignorance on the subject makes his anti-abortion supporters fear that he'll drop it once he's in office. The issue rarely concerns a President directly, but Bush is likely to be making Supreme Court appointments before long. Facing a bitterly partisan Senate, he may be fearful of putting another nominee —and by implication his own prestige—through the grueling humiliation Bork endured. The easy alternative would be to nominate people who send out signals that they have nothing against *Roe* v. *Wade*.

This would be a mistake. Bush owes it to his voters to name reasonably strict constructionists to the Court —and to be ready to fight for them. They needn't and shouldn't be vociferously anti-abortion themselves; but they should be as willing to review the work of the Court itself as of the legislative branch.



Murphy / Vancouver Province, Canada

Loose Lips Sink Currencies

THE DOLLAR took quite a tumble just after the election. Press punditry concluded that Wall Street had been amazed to learn that Mr. Bush had won, or to discover that he does not share the Beltway lust for new taxes. The same journalists who once assured us that a falling dollar was the way to national salvation now screamed that it was, instead, a national disgrace. And those who were once quite certain that budget deficits made the dollar go *up* now proclaim, with the same smug righteousness, that budget deficits make the dollar go *down*.

What actually happened after the election is that world investors suspected dishonorable intentions toward the dollar. If there was a chance that the incoming Bush Administration would debauch the currency, there would be more profit in foreign stocks and bonds. An untimely speech by Martin Feldstein, the morning after the election, merely restated his enduring enthusiasm for a much lower dollar. But markets listened this time, because Mr. Feldstein was the only Bush advisor who had said *anything* about the next Administration's attitudes toward exchange rates or monetary policy. Actual spokesmen for the Bush Administration were surprisingly slow and, at first, shy about disowning this academic indifference toward the dollar, which looked like indifference toward inflation.

Our friends abroad did not help. On the day after the election, the Bank of Japan issued a report griping about the U.S. budget. Two days later, a *New York Times* article insinuated that Britain and other European countries would just as soon see the dollar fall unless Mr. Bush did something immediately about the budget. Since a sitting Vice President cannot do *anything* about the budget, that was an invitation to currency speculators. It was also a routine attempt to deflect political trouble at home by focusing attention on the United States. As it happens, West Germany has a budget deficit just as large as ours, relative to the size of its economy, and Japan's government debts are twice as large. The UK, to be sure, has a budget *surplus*, but all it has to show for it is a large and rising trade deficit, much higher inflation and unemployment, and fearsome interest rates. If these countries really wanted to see the *global* economy improve, they could prudently urge their own central banks to ease up a bit. That would be much safer than "talking the dollar down"—which now compels the Federal Reserve, as well as central banks in Canada and Australia, to keep a risky squeeze on bank reserves and interest rates.

Taxes do have a role in the unsettled financial markets, but it is the exact opposite of the role conventionally claimed for them. There is real danger that focusing all attention on the U.S. budget, while ignoring international *monetary* policy, could lead to the same myopic neglect of the health of the world economy that blew the budget apart in 1981-82. Moreover, the failure of Bush's advisors to repudiate the nonsensical budgetary explanation of the post-election dollar crisis now makes the new Administration more vulnerable to tax hawks. Even a slight

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increase in the odds of a significant tax increase must paralyze business investment plans, since nobody can guess what the new tax would look like. Capitulation to the media mobocracy on this point would surely ruin the economy, and thus the budget. Less obviously, to cave in on the most obvious mandate of the election ("read my lips . . .") would also emasculate the Presidency. That would give the Democratic Congress a free hand to scrape every last shred of pork out of the barrel, and roll even bigger logs over the taxpayers.

New Presidents get far too much economic advice, but there are three reliable rules for sifting through all this chaff. First, President Bush must never listen to anything the press says about what "the markets want," or what "most economists agree." Second, the United States does not need budgetary lectures from countries with higher inflation, higher unemployment, bigger budget deficits, or bigger national debts (which happens to include all of them). Third, nobody in the new Cabinet should be allowed to hire, retain, or reshuffle any economist who has ever held any federal position for more than two years. They had their chance. Keeping the economy expanding for a decade or more, which is something Japan always assumes is the first priority, is a challenge both too critical and too difficult for those men with the familiar faces and recycled mistakes.

Excuses, Excuses

As we predicted, they're trashing their guy for losing an election. You'd think Michael Dukakis had just invented losing. His campaign was disorganized; he didn't have a message; he didn't respond in time to the Bush attacks; he was uninspiring; and so forth.

Dukakis actually did much better than George McGovern in 1972 or Walter Mondale in 1984 or even Jimmy Carter in 1980. He won 46 per cent of the popular vote and carried ten states, a new record for a post-Sixties liberal. Give the guy some credit. Okay, it was a year of peak opportunity for the Democrats —their best shot since the Watergate era—and George Bush wasn't the most formidable foe imaginable. Still, facts are facts.

True, Dukakis made mistakes. He shouldn't have gotten into that tank and he should have shown some outrage at the idea of his wife's being done in by a Willie Horton type. But these in themselves were minor. His big error was made long before the campaign began, if you can call something so intrinsic an error.

Conspicuously missing from all the liberal postmortems on the Dukakis campaign is one vital factor: liberalism. In national elections, liberals lose. The pattern ought to be clear to all the pundits who were quick to discern a pattern of conservative futility in a single election: the lesson of 1964 was still being cited until November 4, 1980, when Ronald Reagan demolished the dogma that staunch conservatives are "unelectable."

Dukakis played a weak hand as well as he could. He didn't frighten or antagonize voters, as McGovern did. He didn't promise a tax increase or put Geraldine Ferraro on the ticket, *à la* Mondale. He campaigned steadily and addressed the electorate with respect. His liberal critics haven't spelled out the "message" they presumably know would have turned the race around. As for answering Bush's attacks, Dukakis tried that on the Pledge issue, and it only prolonged a losing debate for two weeks; so he tried ignoring further attacks, which didn't work either.

Dukakis wanted the campaign to be a debate about who was better qualified to govern in a technical sense. Bush quickly turned it into a debate about fundamental attitudes. "Values" trumped "competence." And it wasn't purely symbolic: it would be reasonable to expect serious foreign-policy consequences from the extrapolation of Massachusetts liberalism onto a global scale.

Dukakis was stuck with his record, and nothing could have changed or neutralized that. Bush made the most of it, just as Dukakis tried to make the most of the Iran-Contra fiasco. Making your opponent's record the issue is the oldest strategy in politics, even if the media have suddenly rechristened it "negative campaigning" and treated it as the most horrifying innovation since mustard gas. The real point is that liberalism was the biggest negative in the race, dwarfing Dan Quayle. Yet there are those who contend that Dukakis's biggest mistake was to flee the L word until too late in the campaign. Some people still haven't learned the lesson of 1968-1972-1980-1984-1988. We wonder when they'll admit that the evidence is in.

BuckPac Kills!

Although we should have guessed it, we did not: the universal unpopularity of Lowell Weicker among Republicans throughout the nation. By the reckoning of National Review's switchboard, the election of George Bush was a minor event alongside the defeat of Mr. Weicker.

BuckPac, a political-action committee organized primarily around the defeat of Mr. Weicker, was launched at the New Orleans Convention. James W. Buckley (second generation) announced it at a press conference at which a total of three reporters from Connecticut bothered to present themselves. But . . . the idea somehow caught on. Upon the announcement of the solemn conclusion of BuckPac's organizers that Mr. Weicker was the number-one Horse's Ass in the

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United States Senate, the door opened, and the sunlight shone in.

This contention was never seriously challenged, and it was thought that this was because it was never seriously accepted. Ah, but by the mere act of pointing at the nudity of the emperor, the searing point was made. Namely that Mr. Weicker was an arrogant, bigoted bore and that the Republicans who, as galley slaves, had voted for him should feel free to vote for the Democratic alternative, Mr. Joseph Lieberman, a liberal to be sure, but less extravagantly one than the Republican impostor.

At the time of the convention, Mr. Weicker was 17 points ahead. Then, about three weeks before the election, suddenly the *Hartford Courant* released a poll: the candidates were approximately even. Poor George Bush (whom Mr. Weicker had volubly badmouthed for years) was drawn into the state to campaign for Weicker and did so, like the good little soldier Mr. Bush can be. And Weicker went back to a five-point lead.

But on the great night, suddenly there was Dan Rather: CBS projected the defeat of Lowell Weicker! "How does it feel?" one reporter asked, telephoning the president of BuckPac. "For Connecticut Republicans," he answered, "it feels as the Thirteenth Amendment must have felt for the slaves."

There was true unconfined joy among the Republican faithful at the defeat of the man who scorned, so publicly, so pompously, Republican principle. The job now for Connecticut Republicans is to reorganize around the principles of the two men who have captured the Connecticut vote statewide three times now —Reagan, and Bush. But there is always another possibility . . .

Hmm. Suppose that, on swearing-in day in January at the Senate, Mr. Lieberman were to announce that, on mature reflection, he had decided to become a Republican?

(Memo to BuckPac: Re Lieberman and swearing-in day . . .)

Making Do with James Baker

He doesn't stiffen like a hound
When Howard Metzenbaum's around,
Nor do his sweat glands slowly ooze
When Alan Cranston's in the news,
But he transformed George Bush into
A pit bull with an urge to chew,
And I'm prepared to bet his bite
Will dim those thousand points of light.

W. H. von Dreele

What Palestinian State?

The unilateral announcement by the PLO of an independent Palestinian state with "holy Jerusalem as its capital" was not coupled with any declaration recognizing the legitimacy of Israel. There has been a certain amount of motion in that direction, however. The Palestinian National Council (the Palestinian parliament in exile that met in Algiers last week) voted to make UN Resolution 242—which acknowledges "the sovereignty, territorial integrity, and political independence of every state in the area"—the basis of discussion for a future international conference.

Washington's reaction to this new initiative by Yasir Arafat was immediate and firm. The United States will not talk to the PLO until it a) unequivocally acknowledges Israel's right to exist, b) accepts UN resolutions 242 and 338, and c) renounces terrorism as a weapon. In Jerusalem, where Yitzhak Shamir had just 21 days in which to patch together a coalition government, the Palestinian gesture was denounced in advance—"It will change nothing in our country or in the territories," said Shamir the night before. In practical matters the PLO announcement of an independent Palestinian state will have about as much effect on how the West Bank and the Gaza Strip are governed as the UN announcement years back that Namibia would henceforth be a UN, not a South African, protectorate.

Even so, new cards have been dealt in this most complex of diplomatic games. Just as the West Bank and Gaza demonstrations led to King Hussein's withdrawal of formal interest in those areas, so Hussein's withdrawal provided the impetus for the Algiers meeting, and from now on any negotiations on a permanent settlement of the forty-year-old Middle East crisis will have to take into account a Palestinian government-in-exile.

In the Palestinian context, nowadays, Yasir Arafat is looked upon as a moderate. He'd be more convincing as a moderate if he would fire Abul Abbas from his executive committee. (Abul Abbas planned the *Achille Lauro* hijacking, during which a crippled American, Leon Klinghoffer, was murdered.) But Arafat has taken a step, however small, toward realism.

Fascist Liberalism

On the weekend of November 11-13 some three hundred scholars met at the Roosevelt Hotel in Manhattan under the auspices of the National Association of Scholars. It was an impressive gathering. A sample: Jeane Kirkpatrick, John Silber, Robert Jastrow, James Q. Wilson, James Coleman, Peter Shaw, Carol Iannone, Lucy Davidowicz.

The purpose of the meeting was to document the academic-political outrages on campuses from coast to

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THE SPACE FACTOR

THE WORLD is entering an era of "space-based deterrence." It is doing so irrespective of the fate of SDI; but the usefulness of any strategic missile defense we ultimately deploy will depend crucially on understanding this fact.

Today, the United States has about 150 satellites in orbit; the majority of them are military. The Soviet Union has about 175 satellites; 90 per cent of them are military. The rest of the world has about 75 satellites, including many with military purposes. Should conventional war break out, the side that can preserve its own use of these systems, and that can deny the opponent its use of space, ought to win the war.

To see that space is the key, consider a conventional conflict in Europe. NATO would have two objectives. First, conventional forces must be able to hold for some weeks. To permit them to do this we must stop reinforcements from deep within the Soviet Union from getting to the battlefield. (Before the INF treaty, everyone understood that our intermediate-range nuclear forces had this job.) Second, while blocking Soviet reinforcements, we must be able to bring in our own reinforcements and matériel from North America.

The only way to stop enemy forces well behind the front lines is to "see deep and kill deep." Consequently, NATO needs to be able to locate enemy forces hundreds to thousands of miles behind the front. But current airborne sensors cannot see more than a hundred miles behind the battle front, unless they can fly far behind enemy lines (an increasingly unlikely possibility in the face of multi-layered, mobile Soviet surface-to-air missiles). The use of space-based reconnaissance systems is vital in achieving this capability.

NATO also needs space to negate the Soviet reinforcements once it has found them. Whereas nuclear weapons were NATO's mainstay in the past, precision conventional munitions are rapidly taking their place. The switch is due in part to the political unacceptability of nuclear systems; but conventional weapons, if accurate enough, can be both cheaper and more effective than nuclear weapons. The key to accuracy is space. The United States is now deploying the Navstar Global Positioning System—providing positions within a few dozen feet. With this accuracy we don't need a nuclear weapon to wipe out a Soviet command center, missile site, or troop concentration. Once our space sensors have located enemy forces coming to the front, conventional munitions, thanks to information provided by Navstar, can quickly kill them.

The key to Warsaw Pact success is also space. Soviet doctrine stresses rigid and direct central control of field forces. This can only be achieved with space communications systems. The United States already relies on space for 70 per cent of our long-range military communications; the Soviet Union is even more dependent on it. Space would also be the key to the Soviets' inevitable attempt to stop the flow of reinforcements from North America in the event of a conventional war in Europe. Soviet ocean reconnaissance satellites would locate our ships, and the Soviets' own global navigation satellite system would guide conventional munitions to sink these ships.

WHO WOULD WIN the battle for control of space in a conventional conflict? As of today, the Soviets would. They have big operational lasers at a place called Sary Shagan and elsewhere. These lasers can blind our sensor satellites and burn holes in the rest. Under pressure from the U.S. Air Force, the United States is in the process of shutting down our only equivalent laser—the Mid Infrared Advanced Chemical Laser at White Sands, New Mexico. The laser belonged to the Navy, which explains the Air Force's opposition to it. It will be a decade before we have another such laser operational.

In addition, the Soviets have two different kinds of anti-satellite interceptors—weapons that work like surface-to-air missiles, only against satellites. Under congressional pressure we canceled our own interceptor system, the Air Force Miniature Vehicle anti-satellite, a year ago. No replacement is in sight.

It is clear why SDI is such a threat to the Soviets. Its technologies are precisely those needed to build a comprehensive conventional space-based deterrent: sensors to locate and target enemy forces, battle-management systems to command and control global engagements, and weapons to deny an enemy similar use of space. Soviet propaganda against SDI has focused on these "spinoffs" rather than on the virtues and failings of missile defense.

As many in the United States seek to "redefine" SDI away from space-based systems—perhaps in an effort to make missile defense more "acceptable" to the Soviets—they would do well to remember that space is more important to our conventional deterrent than are our dwindling nuclear forces. □

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coast—to share horror stories—and then organize to do something about the deteriorating situation.

Professor Thomas L. Short of Kenyon spoke derisively about the spread of "oppression courses," the political purpose of which is to delegitimize Western institutions. And Professor Alan Kors of Penn declared that "the barbarians are in our midst"; he described in detail Penn's "chillingly Orwellian" thought police and thought-reform apparatus. Professors found guilty of "insensitivity" toward blacks and women are reprimanded, often suspended, and required to submit to re-education. The samples of "insensitivity" he quoted were not in fact insensitive, though they were outside the narrow bounds of current academic orthodoxy.

Meanwhile Dartmouth, where there is plenty of relevant action, has been much in the news lately, most recently on CBS's *60 Minutes*. The program revolved around a brief confrontation last spring between three editors of the independent *Dartmouth Review* and a black music professor, which earned two of the students 18-month suspensions. The students have countered with a large lawsuit.

The Dartmouth administration's war against *The Dartmouth Review* is only one aspect of the increasingly bizarre spectacle the university has been presenting over the last decade. Works of art and traditional college songs, some of them classics, have been censored for ideological reasons. Of course the Indian symbol has long been *verboten*—and deviant behavior such as displaying an Indian banner at football games is not taken lightly.

In a recent survey, the *Dartmouth Fortnightly*, an official campus newspaper, found that 89 per cent of Dartmouth's male faculty supported Michael Dukakis. And that's the good news—94 per cent of female faculty supported him. At Dartmouth we see the academic equivalent of a one-party state.

The college even has racial theories. Blacks appear to be at the top of the scale, and are largely outside the disciplinary system. White women come next. White males are in the back of the bus, and woe unto them if they belong to fraternities.

The reason for all the coercion and censorship is that the administration and faculty are determined to impose a highly unpopular agenda, derived from the Sixties. Because it is so unpopular, it requires constant threats and coercion and, it goes without saying, control of all local organs of information.

Anyone can recognize the familiar lineaments of what is going on in Hanover, and pin a name on it: Fascist Liberalism.

Europe in 1992

Some see the drawbridge rising
  Above a fearsome moat
Stocked thick with rude piranhas,
  While folks in armor tote
Hot oil up to the ramparts
  And pour it into pots,
As captive Yankee traders
  Peer glumly through the slots.

W. H. von Dreele

John Mitchell, RIP

A BOND DEALER! It was a part of the grander design that John Mitchell should have had that profession, and that face. He looked like the Anonymous Man, clerking his time away until the Social Security payments began. And all the while, in private life and in public, he was a picaresque figure.

Anyone married to Martha Mitchell had to be, in hidden life, one true gay blade. At his request, received by radio from my office while I was on a sailing vacation, I stopped at a little village in Maine and telephoned his home number. Mrs. Mitchell answered the phone: "Naaargh, operator, whoever is calling CANNOT speak to John Mitchell and I don't care if it's the man who is running for President. John Mitchell needs to relax. And that's MY business."

There were those who doubted his professional talents as a campaign manager, given that Richard Nixon, after Chicago, 1968, was ahead of Hubert Humphrey by 15 points; ten weeks later, on election day, he won by less than a single point. But John Mitchell was always imperturbable, always certain (in the company of others, anyway) that things would work out. Six years after this triumph—the return of a Republican President after the long winter 1960-1968—John Mitchell had stepped down as Attorney General, had been divorced by Martha, and was in jail.

The daemon prevailed, and we know that John Mitchell authorized the Watergate burglary and then lied about it. We take these matters very seriously in the United States, and we should. But we should also be aware that there are other cultures commonly thought of as civilized in which what Mitchell did would be laughed at as nothing more than the games pols play. I remember especially the French intellectual who during the months just before Mr. Nixon's resignation commented that if it was absolutely proved that Mr. Nixon did *not* authorize Watergate, he should then be impeached as incompetent.

Beyond denying, while he could, what he had done, Mitchell clammed up. One needs to go back to George Marshall to find anyone whose memoirs—in Mitchell's case so greatly relevant to a political understanding of exactly what had happened—were so sought after. But he lived quietly in Washington, with a companion. And, it is said, spoke discreetly from

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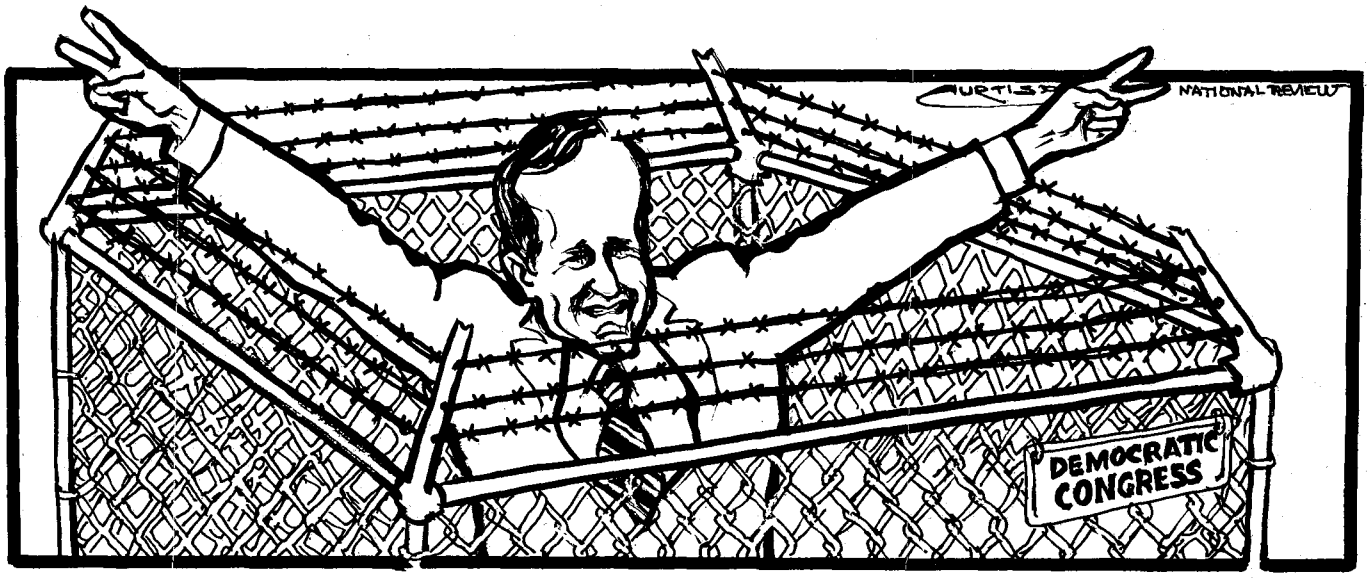

time to time with his old comrade-in-arms, who had been spared jail, but not the humiliation of having to resign, for the first time in American history, the Presidency.

John Mitchell's stoicism can be admired quite apart from the weakness that seized him on that fatal day, when his anxiety to know everything the Democrats were up to led him to authorize a little caper that became the greatest political crime in U.S. history. As Jesse Jackson would say, From Watergate to Pearlygate. We wish him safe passage. —WFB

NOTES & ASIDES

William H. Brady, RIP

AT NATIONAL REVIEW'S anniversary parties the tradition has been that three people act as hosts, one of them a public official, the second a public figure, the third a man of affairs. At our last banquet, these slots were filled by Judge James L. Buckley, Clare Boothe Luce, and William H. Brady of Milwaukee, a prominent industrialist, one of the two or three oldest friends of the magazine, and one of the funniest, warmest human beings in America.

He was hugely tall (6'6"?), thin, retiring, shy, emphatic, shrewd, determined, spirited. He was so pronouncedly self-effacing that on the night he served as host for NATIONAL REVIEW he did not even introduce himself to one of his guests, President Reagan. He liked the *small* lunch or dinner, perhaps twenty people in Milwaukee, with a guest or two, good wine, good conversation. Serving as a functionary at one of these, in the late Fifties, I passed along a riddle I had just received from my six-year-old son, intending to illustrate the surrealism of the young imagination. "What weighs one thousand pounds, is yellow, and can fly?" Bill Brady's face puckered into the kind of concentration with which he built his massive manufacturing business and explored the Questions of St. Thomas Aquinas. I relieved him: "Two five-hundred-pound canaries." . . . He found that truly wonderful and, thirty years later, quoted it back to me, laughing through his illness.

It was two years ago that he was diagnosed as suffering from cancer of the pancreas. There were awful moments—for him the pain was intense, for his family and friends the suffering was vicarious, but it was shared. "I have a word of advice for you," he wrote me during the travail, in a footnote. "I have founded an organization and urge you to join. It is called KYOP. That stands for Keep Your Own Pancreas."

The doctors said he would be dead in five months. He lived two years, making occasional trips to his office, from which he oversaw the work of an international manufacturer and marketer of industrial identification products—the nameplates, labels, signs, and special tapes advertised in every issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. He would fly with his (inimitable) spirited wife, Irene, to Naples, Florida, in his private airplane; he would guide the work of his quiet philanthropies; and, always, provide comfort, advice, and amusement to family and friends. Early this November, in the hospital, he spotted a reference to something "Kafkaesque." He reflected that he had never really dug into the question of what it is that makes something Kafkaesque; and so—of course!—he ordered a few books from the library. Five days later, he died.

We mourn one of our oldest and dearest friends, a man who could light up a room with his presence and who could, with his laugh, remind us that mirth is a most precious gift of the God he worshipped so faithfully, in his successful, though unconscious, struggle to document that, in private life as in public, he was the exemplary American conservative. **—WFB**

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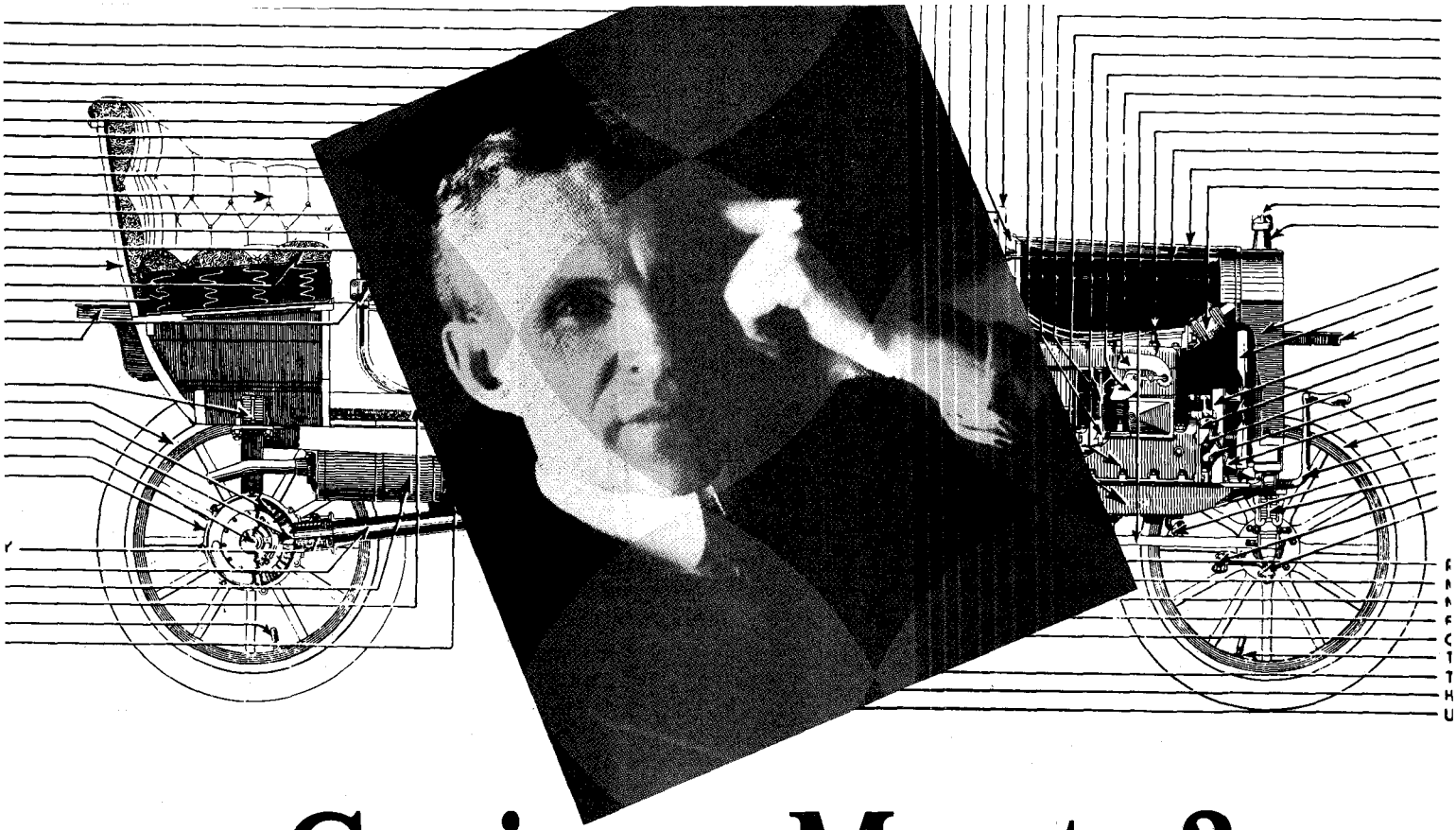

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OLD PEOPLE'S POWER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—I love old people and you love old people, but let's face it, they're killing us.

In the season of political piety just past, a sea change in American politics was recognized and affirmed: the old are the most powerful political constituency in the country, indeed the only constituency whose claims on the commonwealth have been placed beyond democratic debate. Politicians of both parties and of all ages now believe, at the operational margin, that it is safer to play with inflation, safer to cut back on housing programs and food assistance, *safer even to cut the budget for the nation's defense*, than it is to restrain the transfer of wealth to the old. From the evidence of election day 1988, one concludes that the process of intimidation is complete.

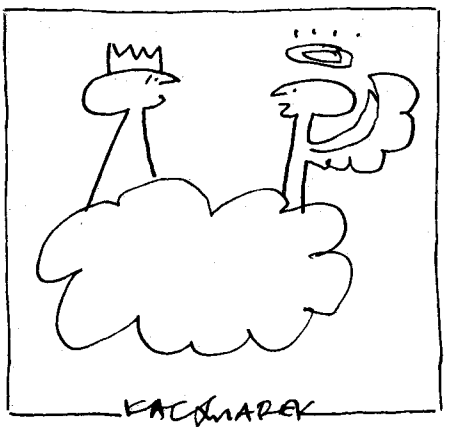
How did it happen, this political coup? One of the answers is organizational. Along Washington's power alley, the K Street lawyer/lobby zone, old people built the biggest and best organizational machine. The American Association of Retired Persons has signed up thirty million members, twice as many as the AFL-CIO and second as a "membership group" only to the Roman Catholic Church. The AARP has a paid staff of 1,300 and annual revenues from several businesses, as well as dues of $235 million. Its magazine, *Modern Maturity*, has now passed *TV Guide* and *Reader's Digest* to become the nation's largest. On Capitol Hill, Congresspeople say to the AARP's army of lobbyists, "Thy will be done."

What has been done, on the Hill and down the street at the White House, is a series of federal fixes that tilted the generational playing field. The old were helped and the young were hurt. As benefits to the old ratcheted up, taxes on the young shot ahead. In 1958, the maximum Social Security payroll tax was $95 per annum; this year it will be $3,380. For more than half of all U.S. workers, Social Security taxes are now higher than federal income taxes. Medicare benefits moved ahead even more smartly, with the result that during the current year almost $300 billion will be paid out to elderly beneficiaries of Social Security and Medicare. Forget for a moment that old people benefit from all universal government programs. From these two programs alone, old people, accounting for 12 per cent of the population, consume 27 per cent of all federal spending.

To justify these intergenerational transfers, one could point with alarm at the plight of the elderly poor. A heartbreaking sight, to be sure. One could point with alarm, that is, until the numbers began to shift a half-generation ago. Now they point in a very different direction. Consider these generational wealth figures and how they have moved over time.

	Net Worth	
Age	1973	1983
65-69	$169,366	$321,562
25-34	59,624	49,046

In other words, the old get richer and the young get poorer. Another way of putting it, one with grave psychodemographic portent, is to say that the longer one works the poorer one gets.



"No halo or wings until you get rid of that crown."

One is obliged to remark here that federal transfer programs have not been the only engine of wealth-creation for the old. The other major contributor has been the escalation in residential-real-estate values. The old owned the houses and the young did not, in part because the generational tax made it impossible to save a down-payment and carry costs. So what has the incumbent policy, whatever its intentions, actually wrought? We are taxing the producing citizens to protect the assets of the non-producing citizens—assets that were put aside precisely to finance retirement!

BY 1988 we as a nation have recorded an historic accomplishment. We have virtually eradicated poverty among the old. Responsible authorities, much to the chagrin of the old folks' lobbyists, have put the figure as low as 5 per cent (compared with 20 per cent for children). Good for us, and let's hope that we can eliminate it altogether. But let's pause to look at the price tag and kick the tires and cut through the spiel of the guy in the window-pane-checked sportsjacket. When the subject gets around to Social Security, let's go through the numbers and point out that the benefits are not simply a return on weekly payroll deductions of the past. The average beneficiary receives almost four times what he put in after adjustment for the interest he would have earned on private investments. He receives, on average, a full payback of contributions and interest within 21 months. After that, he's not on his own, a prudent retiree who saved for his golden years. He's on us. He's on welfare. Which is fine with the rest of us if he really needs it. If he's part of the 5 per cent. Otherwise, he's asking us to fund an asset-protection program by overtaxing workers in their middle years and by denying benefits to the voiceless young. □

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PARADISE LOST

MODERATE LEFTISTS all over the world have long idealized Scandinavia as a kind of Pink Paradise. The governments of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, run by sensible socialists (as opposed to the Stalinist variety), have achieved a coordination with their peoples' wills so complete as to have produced a trio of nearly perfect states, in which all of every citizen's needs—spiritual and material—are tended to. Even in such communitarian-inspired utopias, however, reality finally overwhelms fantasy.

It is true that the region's socialist leaders are more "sensible" than their Eastern European counterparts. The Scandinavian countries have generally kept clear of the Soviet Union's political and economic orbit. (When speaking about Scandinavia as a political entity, I do not include Finland—whose culture is distinctly Scandinavian, but whose political history is not.) Though Sweden declared absolute neutrality after World War II, refusing to join either NATO or the European Community, Norway is a NATO country, and Denmark belongs to both NATO and the European Community. And although Scandinavia's socialist parties are as powerful as ever, these countries' economies are not largely nationalized: in fact, nearly 90 per cent of all Scandinavian industry is privately owned. Scandinavian socialists are much too clever to socialize production; they have learned from the Eastern European example that state-run enterprises in a planned economy do not deliver the goods.

Still, there is no mistaking Scandinavia's profound leftism. Since the end of World War II, there has been no left-wing cause anywhere that did not receive Swedish support—and, later on, often Danish and Norwegian support as well. During the Vietnam War, for example, Sweden was a haven for American deserters. And today, I have been informed, the lion's share of material support for camps that SWAPO, the Namibian terrorist organization, maintains in Angola comes from Sweden, Denmark, and Norway.

Of course the highest emanation of Scandinavian leftism is the provider state, which takes care of everybody from the cradle to the grave. In order to carry out this costly task, however, such a state must tax its citizens brutally. Some Swedes find themselves with tax obligations that are literally greater than their income. That is why Ingmar Bergman lived for many years in Germany, and why Astrid Lindgren, the renowned author of children's books, also fled. A case like that of an internationally known brain surgeon who was left with an income equal to that of his daughter, a secretary, is not uncommon. Indeed, in recent years a brain drain has set in which has finally forced the Swedish government to make some adjustments in its policies.

But high taxes are only a symptom of Scandinavia's illness. For even as the provider state concentrates on its citizens' material needs, it neglects their deeper, more spiritual needs. The fact that the state attempts to replace Divine Providence has had notable effects on the region's religious life. Only one of every two hundred Stockholmers goes to church. The situation in Norwegian and Danish cities is comparably grim. In Sweden, where there is still a Lutheran State Church, fervent religious belief is typically found only in smaller religious groups, including the Methodists, the Salvation Army, and even the Catholic Church.

I say "*even* the Catholic Church" because it is only quite recently that that church has been tolerated in Sweden and Norway. Catholics and Jews were not permitted to reside in Sweden until 1878; until 1952, a Swedish Catholic who applied for a passport had to submit a certificate of good moral conduct from the Lutheran minister in whose parish he lived. (Even the Catholic bishop of Sweden had to comply.) Jesuits were not admitted to Norway until the 1960s, and then a Danish Jesuit was given a visa for 48 hours!

If only true Protestantism were as strong as Catholicism is weak in these countries. But the truth is that, morally and culturally, Scandinavia is a decaying society. Sweden, the world's pioneer in legalizing abortion, is now preparing to legalize incest. In both Sweden and Denmark there is one divorce for every two marriages; in both countries the number of legitimate and illegitimate children is about equal. (The situation is better in Norway.) And Denmark was for a long time a leader in the world pornography market, a fact related to the prevalence of misogyny in Northern Europe.

Aside from the titillation of unwholesome sexual practices, life in Scandinavia is well-regulated and dull. For excitement, Scandinavians turn to alcohol and drugs; or, as a final solution, there is always suicide, which is as frequent in Scandinavia as it is rare in Spain. For suicide is not only a religious problem; it is also often the result of simple boredom—of a lack of challenges and tensions, the natural stuff of human existence.

IN SHORT, what the Scandinavian governments cannot protect their citizens against is their culture's growing sterility. During the nineteenth century, Scandinavia produced such intellectual giants as Kierkegaard, Swedenborg, and Linné, along with more than its share of great artists. In the late twentieth century, the situation has changed. Living standards remain high, but the old moral probity and intellectual strength are disappearing. Italians and Frenchmen do not dream of living in Sweden or Norway, but Swedes and Norwegians dream of living in Italy or France. Scandinavians are learning that living standards are not to be confused with quality of life. □

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WILL THE ARMY TAKE OVER?

A NIGHTMARE IS said to haunt Gorbachev and lesser Communist leaders: that the army will take over.

The arguments advanced by Sovietologists to support this assertion are impressive, but the nightmare itself remains imprecise. For just what is meant by an army takeover in a Communist country, and specifically in the Soviet Union?

I see three options, one of which wouldn't cause the General Secretary to lose much sleep. As for the other two, one would raise interesting possibilities, while the other would spell the end of Leninism as we know and fear it.

Option One is a takeover of the Soviet state by the army on behalf of the Party. Easy, that one. Gorbachev could simply follow the example of Stalin and Brezhnev, and proclaim himself Marshal of the Soviet Union and Commander-in-Chief. (For that matter, even the civilian Presidents of the United States are, ex officio, Commanders-in-Chief—though General Eisenhower, when he made it to the White House, called himself plain "Mister.")

Option Two is admittedly more worrying: that the top Soviet brass, fearing that the "defense" budget, so long sacrosanct, may be under threat, would decide to take over and run things their way.

As for Option Three, that is the real nightmare, also known as a specter: the specter of Bonapartism. A military strongman takes over for real. At once, the world as we have known it would cease to exist.

Let us take a closer look.

The Polish Gambit

AS IT HAPPENS, recent history gave us a perfect example: in December 1981, the Polish army, under General Wojciech Jaruzelski, took over the Party's collapsing civilian government. Or did it? Certainly this was the line put out in Western dispatches from Moscow, for instance by Nigel Wade of the London *Daily Telegraph*. The theory was that, for the first time since 1917, a Communist Party in power had lost control of events to the military. Momentous, if true.

In fact, this was a clever piece of disinformation by Andropov's KGB. True, the (Communist) Polish United Workers' Party had indeed been seriously weakened by successive purges and by the defiant rise of the Solidarity trade union. But Jaruzelski was no more a military man than Brezhnev or Ustinov. He was in fact a typical *Party* soldier. From 1960 to 1965, he had been chief of the central political department of the armed forces, and he duly joined the Politburo at the end of 1971.

Any remaining doubt on this score was dispelled when President Reagan revealed at his press conference on December 23, 1981, that the martial-law proclamation issued in Warsaw had in fact been drafted and even printed in Moscow the previous September. The "military coup" thus was a device to relieve the Soviets of the need to intervene in Poland as they had in Czechoslovakia in 1968 or in Hungary in 1956, and of the ensuing odium.

A "coup" of that kind in the Soviet Union is itself in fact a distinct possibility. A recent Politburo call on the armed forces to "improve discipline" is seen to reflect military unease at Gorbachev's reforms. In July, special new powers were given to the army to search personal dwellings and make arrests. At that time, the Supreme Soviet issued two proclamations aimed at containing public dissent. If *perestroika* leads to dramatic price rises, as the logic of unleashed market forces suggests, martial law (now in effect in Armenia and Azerbaijan) could well be imposed. Military rule could well be the next step. One interesting question would then be whether the Party ruling through the army would still be controlled by Mikhail Gorbachev.

Who Spies on Whom?

ON PAPER, an independent military coup is virtually impossible in the Soviet system, for the armed forces are simply the military extension of the Party. The powerful Defense Council—the supreme body of the armed forces—has been accurately described as the Politburo in military session. Traditionally, the General Secretary takes the chair. In Brezhnev's "era of stagnation," as Gorbachev now calls it, the Chairman could wear his marshal's uniform, medals and all.

There are interesting areas of uncertainty in the Soviet Defense establishment in the new era, however. During the Brezhnev years and into the rule of the gerontocrats (Andropov and Chernenko), the Defense Minister also sat on the Politburo. This was true of Marshal Grechko and Marshal Ustinov. The present Defense Minister, General Dmitri Yazov, is a mere candidate (non-voting) member, and Gorbachev omitted to promote him in his recent Kremlin reshuffle.

The downgrading of the post of Defense Minister could indicate the presence of the "specter" in the leader's nightmares—as could the Kremlin's system of overseeing the armed forces. As if the Defense Council did not suffice to keep the soldiers in line, the KGB's Third Chief Directorate spies on the armed forces. Any argument about the relative importance of the KGB (Committee of State Security) and GRU (Chief Intelligence Directorate of the General Staff) is easily settled: the KGB spies on the GRU, not the other way round.

In the 1970s, I spent many hours with the first defector from the Third Chief Directorate, Captain Aleksei Myagkov, whose book, *Inside the KGB* (1976), paints a vivid picture, both sordid and alluring, of the life of priv-

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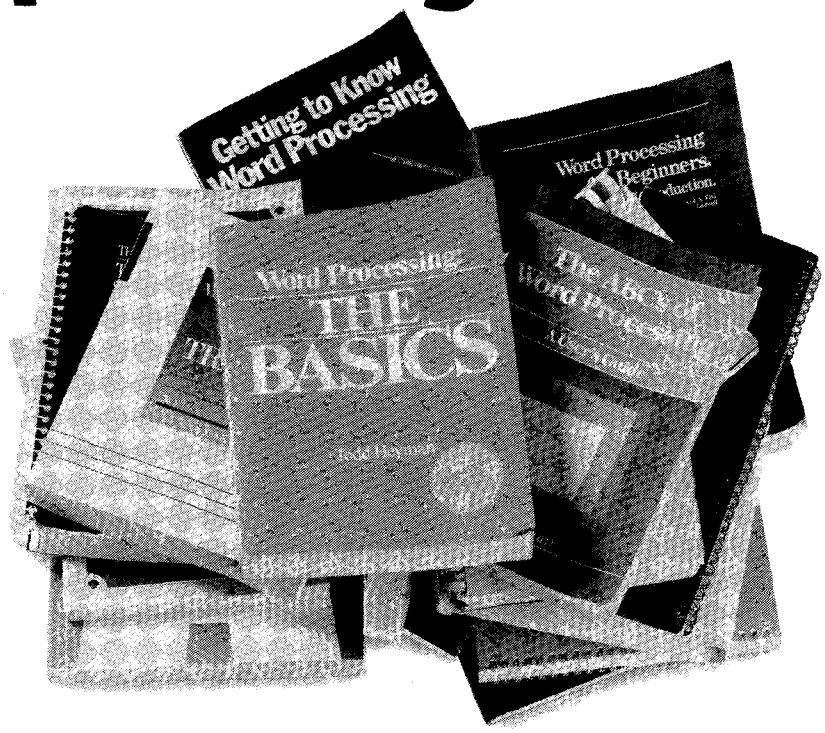

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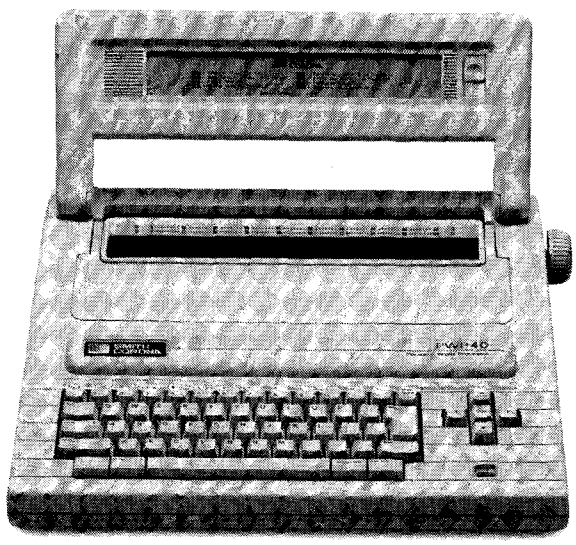

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ilege he had left behind. As John Barron, the American authority on the KGB, puts it in his book *KGB*, "the entire Soviet armed forces are honeycombed with KGB spies who continuously provide the Party with an ideological appraisal of individual officers as well as a political evaluation of individual units."

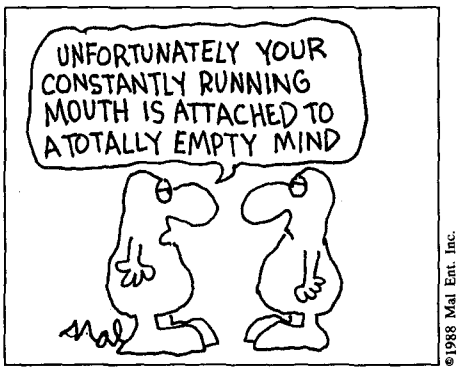
During Stalin's Great Terror, the KGB conducted wholesale arrests within the armed forces, often on flimsy or imaginary grounds, thus decimating the Soviet officer corps in advance of Hitler's invasion of Russia. It was at the height of this paranoid massacre (in 1937) that Marshal Tukhachevsky was shot (see *NR*, October 14).

Was Tukhachevsky, then, guilty of "Bonapartism"? Almost certainly not, although Stalin may have feared that he was heading that way. The so-called "Stoyko documents" found in the captured German archives described a major split between the Party and the military some years earlier, but some leading specialists (notably John Dziak in his highly condensed study, *Chekisty*) dismiss the documents as Soviet forgeries.

But the real point, surely, is that Tukhachevsky was shot. There *was* no Bonaparte. And twenty years later, in the 1957 crisis during which Khrushchev sacked Marshal Zhukov, there was again no evidence of a plot. The Marshal was merely behaving as if his boots were several sizes too small for his feet.

So far, the grotesquely disproportionate share of the Soviet national income allocated to the Defense Ministry's budget has remained apparently inviolate. Whether that share is a "mere" 15 to 17 per cent, as the CIA's published estimates state, is a much-debated detail. Some American specialists believe that the Soviet economy, instead of "stagnating" as Gorbachev says, has actually declined significantly. As a proportion of total expenditure, the Defense establishment could well, consequently, have risen to 35 per cent. This would mean that the militarized Soviet system spends eight to ten times as much on soldiers, sailors, airmen, and weapons as on health. (In comparison, Thatcherite Britain is wildly "compassionate.")

As Western loans and credits pour in, the General Secretary has given no hint of impending cuts in the Defense budget. He did, however, when ad-



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dressing the Young Communist League on October 29, hint at reducing military service from its present level of two years. Could this be a beginning?

If Gorbachev went too far in arms control, so that the Defense establishment feared that the United States might be in a position to pull ahead, Option Two could not be ruled out. It would not be a true military coup, but a takeover by disgruntled soldiers and Party opponents of Gorbachev's reforms. Any resulting regime would embark on a new round of internal repression. *Glasnost* would go. Western bankers would be faced, not for the first time, with the consequences of their follies. As for *perestroika*, a hard-line military/civilian junta in the Kremlin would face the paradox that an efficient consumer economy is incompatible with totalist rule.

Indeed, the predictable international isolation that would follow Option Two is itself a powerful disincentive to Gorbachev's internal enemies. And he knows it. This option would simply demonstrate what the skeptics (myself among them) have been saying: that the system is unreformable. Either Lenin's millenarian tyranny survives, or it collapses.

No Longer Unthinkable

THE POSSIBILITY of collapse makes Option Three the most interesting of all. Options One and Two would leave history on its faltering course. Option Three would change everything.

Again, let us be precise. Bonapartism in the true sense is out. In the militarized Party state, no single soldier is going to seize power in the style of either Napoleon I or Napoleon II. No Directoire, no 18 Brumaire, no Second Empire looms ahead. If any Soviet marshal should find himself afflicted with that kind of hubris, he would soon share the fate of Tukhachevsky.

Nevertheless, Option Three is not impossible. The unthinkable would become possible if the Soviet domestic situation got out of hand. It is hard to say whether the wave of unrest now regularly reported is a truly new phenomenon, or merely one that is made visible by *glasnost*. Probably some of both. Ethnic aspirations are manifest, as are resentments of the people who have discovered that the "bright" future of Communism never comes.

Eastern Europe, too, is in ferment. As Mrs. Thatcher is discovering, Poland, seven years after the faked coup, is in deep trouble. The Hungarian experiment has reached the limits beyond which a regime ceases to be Communist. In Czechoslovakia, the legacy of 1968 is still heavy. Bulgaria is, as always, virtually a 16th Soviet Republic. Rumania is a Stalinist monstrosity.

East Germany seems relatively stable, and Honecker may well feel that with Chancellor Kohl in charge on the other side of the barbed wire, things are going his way. Yugoslavia, though not a part of the Soviet empire, is nevertheless a highly visible case study of a disintegrating Communist system. Every passing day vindicates the dissident diagnosis of Milovan Djilas and diminishes the posthumous aura of Marshal Tito.

Is the Brezhnev doctrine still valid? Having decided to occupy Czechoslovakia, Brezhnev justified his actions after the event in the sacred cause of defending socialism. Gorbachev has neither confirmed nor discarded the doctrine. To do so might indeed be otiose. Can an ideologically bankrupt imperial power enforce the ideology in restless provinces?

In this fast-changing situation, a general breakdown of order is no longer unthinkable. In such a situation, Option Two could evolve quite quickly into Option Three. The Party/military junta, having seized power (sans Gorbachev, sans Yakovlev), could well face the chastening reality of Leninism as an obsolete and discredited dream, and guide Russia back to the safe haven of old-fashioned nationalism.

It is in the light of such hypotheses that President-elect George Bush and his European allies will have to reconsider the reigning fashion of "helping" Gorbachev. □

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WHEN SILENCE IS GOLDEN

'Silent Sam' Pierce has been Ronald Reagan's most successful Cabinet official: he has reduced his department's spending, improved services, cleaned up the public-housing boondoggle, and *persuaded Congress to accept housing vouchers.*

THE UNSUNG HERO OF THE REAGAN REVOLUTION

LAWRENCE A. UZZELL

WHO SHOULD BE remembered as Ronald Reagan's most effective Cabinet member? Former Secretary of Transportation Drew Lewis, architect of the infamous 1982 gasoline-tax increase, probably did best at advancing his own agenda—but that agenda ran directly counter to Reagan's 1980 platform. Former Secretary of Education William Bennett left behind a stack of brilliant speeches and press releases—but not one major legislative or administrative reform. By the only standard that ultimately matters—concrete achievement of Reaganite goals—the star of the Cabinet has been its least visible, least charismatic member. Secretary of Housing and Urban Development Samuel Pierce has proved that an Eastern-establishment Republican can be a successful Reagan revolutionary.

Start with spending. For most federal programs the best index of spending is the "budget authority"—the amount that Congress approves every year for both immediate and long-range financial commitments. Despite congressional whines about "cuts," from 1981 to 1988 that figure grew for 11 of the 13 Cabinet departments. One of the remaining two, the Department of Energy, saw budget authority drop by a mere 3.6 per cent. But HUD's shrank by a spectacular 53.9 per cent.

Another perspective: Total budget authority for the eight Cabinet departments whose activities would most shock the framers of the Constitution—Agriculture, Commerce, Education, Energy, Health and Human Services, HUD, Labor, and Transportation—climbed by $226 billion from 1981 to 1988. If all the other secretaries had been just half as successful as Pierce, that figure would instead have dropped by more than $100 billion.

It can take a long time for cuts in budget authority to show up in "outlays"—the number of dollars actually spent each year. By that measure HUD's performance is not so impressive: from 1981 to 1986 its outlays went up by about 1 per cent. But that is still a lot less than the 38 per cent growth in all other non-defense programs. (From 1986 to 1988, unfortunately, HUD outlays leaped by 31.9 per cent—mostly because of defaults on HUD-insured mortgages and other commitments made before the Reagan years.)

Pierce achieved this result not by mindlessly turning plus signs into minus signs, but by targeting the items that are least defensible even on their own terms. HUD's low-income-housing programs, for example, have become an embarrassment to all but the most ardent statists. Their core premise is obsolete, their design guarantees unfairness and inefficiency, and they reinforce the culture of poverty.

Fifty years ago nearly half the country's private housing stock was "substandard"—dilapidated, overcrowded, or without indoor plumbing. That figure has now dropped to about 6 per cent—and the nationwide rental vacancy rate is about 8 per cent. Thus we have an ample supply of decent structures; the problem is simply that the poor cannot afford the rent.

IGNORING THIS FACT, however, federal housing programs have emphasized new construction or major rehabilitation—subsidizing contractors and landlords rather than tenants. Since Washington cannot build anything efficiently, that approach can help only a fraction of those in need. Over and above construction costs, by 1980, operating subsidies for newly built units under HUD's huge Section 8 program were about twice as high as the median rent for *all* private apartments, including middle-income and luxury units.

The result: inordinate subsidies for some needy families and nothing for others. Even for the fortunate few, these subsidies deliver far less than promised. In 1961, urbanologist Jane Jacobs assailed "low-income projects that have become worse centers of delinquency, vandalism, and general social hopelessness than the slums they were supposed to replace." By 1980 that verdict had become almost unanimous—but Congress was still pouring money into new construction under Section 8.

Pierce stopped that. In 1982 he persuaded Congress to suspend new appropriations for construction of lower-income units; in 1983 he persuaded it to repeal the provisions of Section 8 that authorized new construction. Unlike

Mr. Uzzell is an editorial writer for the Scripps Howard news service.

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most of his Cabinet colleagues, he understood that weeds must be uprooted, not just pruned.

The secretary shifted HUD's main emphasis to the other major part of Section 8: the "existing housing" program, which helps poor families rent privately built units. This program costs only about half as much per unit as new construction, so the department is now able to aid about 1.1 million more families than in 1980—even as it has been cutting its long-term obligations for low-income housing to the point where they are about $27 billion lower than those in Carter's last budget.

The "existing housing" program even allows families some choice among units—though not enough. Tenants may not rent from a landlord who charges more than the government rate, even if they are willing to pay the difference themselves. Even worse, local housing officials sometimes do the tenants' house-hunting for them.

Back in 1971 Congress allowed HUD to relax these restrictions on an experimental basis. The result was what some called "the largest controlled social experiment in history," involving thirty thousand households—some for as long as a decade. By the time Pierce took office, the major lesson was clear: housing vouchers work.

Washingtonians are familiar with two basic strategies for transforming public policy: the blitz and the deal. Pierce's style fits neither category.

The experiment's most radical variant gave households in Green Bay, Wis., and South Bend, Ind., as much money as they needed to cover the difference between 25 per cent of their incomes and the local cost of "adequate" housing. Payments went directly to the families—not to landlords or government agencies—with only one restriction: their dwellings had to pass health and safety inspections.

According to an observer from the Rand Corporation, "The experiment demonstrated that low-income households, including members of racial minorities, single parents, and elderly persons, were more skillful operators in their local housing markets than are public agencies." In negotiating rents, for example, these tenants held their landlords to increases averaging less than 2 per cent—as compared with 26 per cent for landlords dealing with public agencies.

The voucher households saved thousands of dollars by doing their own repair work. "Even pricing unpaid labor at the minimum wage," said the Rand analyst, "we found that program-required repairs for dwellings that failed inspections averaged only $100." He called that figure "spectacularly lower" than any he had seen for subsidized repairs under conventional HUD programs.

Vouchers offer a terrific deal for both taxpayers and poor people—and thus a threat to the well-organized builders and local officials who dominate the congressional housing committees. Except for a few House Republicans, denizens of Capitol Hill would rather not think about the subject. But Pierce has repeatedly told anyone willing to listen that with vouchers HUD can help "nearly three families at the same cost it takes to place one family in a newly constructed unit subsidized for the poor."

Under Pierce's prodding the reluctant legislators authorized a small "demonstration" (in bureaucratese, a "demonstration" is more serious than an "experimental program") of housing vouchers in 1983 and have expanded it every year since. In 1987 they agreed to elevate the demonstration into a full-fledged, permanent program.

That program has already produced one benefit that Pierce's own staffers did not recognize until I pointed it out to them: housing vouchers in effect act as back-door education vouchers. Last winter I interviewed Mrs. Monica Duran of Pueblo, Colo., whose family had just moved into a modest rented house after receiving the hundred-thousandth voucher under the new HUD program. When I asked why she and her husband had chosen that particular home, the first reason she gave was that it was just one block away from a respected public school.

For the last eight years, Reagan appointees at the Department of Education have talked about education vouchers. Pierce has actually delivered them.

By the end of the Reagan Administration, HUD's voucher program will have reached about 150,000 low-income families. That figure looks unimpressive when compared with the four million families still participating in conventional housing programs, such as public-housing projects built before Pierce took charge. But what matters is the direction of change. About 55 per cent of the dwellings that HUD is adding this year to the stock of subsidized housing will be paid for by vouchers; Section 8 "existing housing" accounts for another 21 per cent. If the current trend continues, within 15 to thirty years vouchers or voucher-like mechanisms will be HUD's dominant vehicle for helping low-income families.

But the program is still at the mercy of the political system. Representative Steve Bartlett (R., Tex.), an aggressive Pierce ally, says, "We still haven't achieved even a majority of the changes that are needed, or a lasting consensus." Since 1986 Congress has managed to block further cuts in most of the older Great Society-style HUD programs, hoping for a rescue by Ronald Reagan's successor. As Pierce puts it, "What makes a change secure is proving that it works, and that takes time." Vouchers need one more reformist Administration; if George Bush gives it to them, they should then be irreversible.

DOCUMENTING PIERCE'S SUCCESS is easier than explaining it. Washingtonians are familiar with two basic strategies for transforming public policy: the blitz and the deal, typified respectively by the 1981 and the 1986 tax bills. Pierce's style fits neither category.

The Administration never waged a high-profile publicity campaign for its housing policies. Except to specialized audiences, the President never made a major speech on housing. Nor did Pierce himself come to symbolize revolutionary change. One reason was his unrevolutionary résumé: Rockefeller-appointed judge, veteran of Eisenhower's Labor Department and Nixon's Treasury Department.

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Secondly, the Great Communicator, he isn't. His speaking style is far from electrifying, and he is made acutely uncomfortable by the sorts of public rituals that most VIPs take for granted. At a Washington luncheon of municipal housing officials last year, as Pierce heard his own praises being sung by the official who introduced him, he looked more like a prisoner than a guest of honor. A former HUD staffer later told me, "A speaking engagement is a torment for him. He's almost the opposite of the black preacher."

But this ex-staffer believes that the secretary's blandness has been an asset in handling Congress. The Pierce approach, he says, is to "sympathize with them while cutting hell out of their programs." One of Pierce's harshest Democratic foes on Capitol Hill agrees: "From our perspective it would have been better to have a Jim Watt over there. He'd have been more of a target."

The secretary is no Jim Watt, but no Howard Baker either. Despite his "insider" credentials, he does not enjoy buttonholing congressmen or bombarding them with phone calls. He is more likely to spend an evening alone in his apartment—or a weekend in Manhattan with his wife, a New York physician—than on the Georgetown social circuit. The words I heard most from those around him were "low-key" and "private person."

Pierce cheerfully accepts such labels. "You can't be what you're not," he told me. "I have lots of friends, but they're *real* friends." He said he could write a handbook on how to butter people up—but would never feel comfortable following its advice.

That fact has not kept Pierce's team from cutting deals with specific legislators to advance his larger agenda. "Springfield, Mass. [home of Representative Edward Boland, chairman of the HUD appropriations subcommittee], is well taken care of," a HUD assistant secretary told me. "But we have vouchers."

The 1983 breakthrough, which launched those vouchers and buried Section 8 new construction, came in four days of intense, closed-door negotiating sessions as Congress was racing toward adjournment. The key Democratic player was Representative Fernand St Germain (D., R.I.), who demanded concessions on spending—i.e., smaller cuts. In exchange, Pierce insisted on fully "portable" vouchers, freeing families to move outside the boundaries of their local housing authorities. The final package cleared both Houses shortly afterward, without hearings.

Tim Bower

That victory required years of groundwork. Pierce's staff came up with detailed recommendations on vouchers in 1981, relying heavily on the work of the Heritage Foundation. A presidential commission on housing essentially agreed, and its 1982 report had the advantage of being seen as non-ideological.

Ever since the voucher goal was set, HUD has stuck with it. As the only member of the original Reagan Cabinet still on the same job, Pierce has had enough time not just to formulate a consistent strategy but to carry it out. He has also had the strength of character to avoid getting distracted by short-term headline-hunting or captured by career bureaucrats.

As the only member of the original Reagan Cabinet still on the same job, Pierce has had enough time not just to formulate a consistent strategy, but to carry it out.

The last two years have produced few new breakthroughs for the original Reagan agenda, and Pierce has now seen his share of defeats and stalemates. But even in the 1987 housing bill he could boast further victories, such as provisions introducing housing vouchers to rural areas and allowing public-housing tenants to become homeowners by buying their projects from the government.

WHERE DOES PIERCE go from here? According to one rumor, he would like to fill the next Supreme Court vacancy. When I asked about that he said, "No lawyer would turn it down." I then asked if he particularly admired any current member of that body. The answer, surprisingly, was no; his favorite Justices are Holmes, Cardozo, and Brandeis.

There are other surprises. Pierce, for example, has defended Urban Development Action Grants, one of HUD's most popular and least justifiable programs, which subsidizes corporations to build shopping centers and other projects for the non-poor. (The good news is that UDAG now seems to be on the road to extinction anyway.) And he has shown no interest in making HUD a candidate for the "new federalism"—i.e., abolishing it.

So the HUD secretary's performance in clearing away the rubble of the Great Society is not perfect—just better than anyone else's. □

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President Bush will shape the Supreme Court for a generation. What rules can he rely on to select nominees who will survive the nomination process and *read the law, not write it? Herewith, one valid litmus test.*

THE NEXT BORK

GROVER JOSEPH REES

GEORGE BUSH will leave no more important legacy than the judges he appoints. In a way this seems odd: in every four years since 1968 at least one side has sought to convince us that the next President would have a unique opportunity to reshape the federal bench, and that the new shape would endure for years to come.

This is not the sort of proposition that can be true for every election, and yet it seems to be true again this year. As many as four Supreme Court Justices are said to be on the verge of retirement. Almost half of the district- and circuit-court judges now on the bench were appointed by President Reagan during his two terms in office, but most of the others were appointed by President Carter during his single term. And in matters of domestic policy, judges continue to run the country.

In one way the Bush Administration really will be unique: its judicial nominees will almost certainly be more closely scrutinized than any others in this century. The nature of this scrutiny, and perhaps of the nominees themselves, will depend on what lessons have been learned from the nomination of Robert Bork to the U.S. Supreme Court and his subsequent rejection by the Senate.

To those of us who believe Judge Bork should have been confirmed, it is tempting to argue that the senators had no business asking for his opinions on past Supreme Court cases or hypothetical future ones, much less voting against him because his opinions were "wrong." The rejection of Judge Bork was an abrupt departure from fifty years' worth of precedents, in which the Executive almost always took account of judicial philosophy in deciding whom to nominate but the Senate never rejected a Supreme Court nominee whose qualifications and ethics were unquestioned. Moreover, even those who believed senators might properly reject a nominee for his philosophy often stated the qualification that it was improper to inquire very deeply into the contours of that philosophy. Such inquiries tend inevitably to turn into discussions of specific cases, and discussing cases with a prospective judge looks a lot like asking him to promise his votes in advance.

The Bork hearings lent force to this argument. Even some of those who favored the eventual result now wish it could have been achieved without making the world's greatest deliberative body look so much like a lynch mob. The far more restrained hearings on Anthony Kennedy suggest a return to the pre-Bork standard, according to which a nominee is asked to discuss his philosophy only at a level insufficiently specific to get him into trouble.

SOME OPPONENTS of Judge Bork have suggested that the nomination itself, not the kind of scrutiny it received from the Senate, was an aberration. They argue that qualified judicial nominees will be treated deferentially so long as their philosophies do not appear to be "outside the mainstream," but that the nomination of so obvious an "extremist" as Bork makes it necessary for the Senate to kick into ideological overdrive.

Ultimately, neither of these views can be solidly grounded in history or in principle. The Constitution itself suggests no distinction between the criteria that should be considered by the President and the Senate respectively. The tradition that senators should let the Executive decide which direction the Court should take is a relatively recent one. During the nineteenth century, nominees were frequently rejected; the grounds were often purely partisan but sometimes had philosophical overtones. As recently as 1930 the Senate rejected an unusually distinguished Supreme Court nominee, Judge John J. Parker, because of his views on race relations and labor law. The rejection in 1969 of Judge Clement Haynsworth, ostensibly on ethical grounds, really had more to do with the perception that he was the "Southern strict constructionist" whom President Nixon had promised to appoint to the Court. As for Bork, before his nomination he was widely known for his intellect and his accomplishments—not his extremism: Senator Biden himself had cited Bork a year before as the outstanding example of a Reagan nominee he could support.

What differentiated Judge Bork from other recent nominees who were easily confirmed, including Chief Justice Rehnquist and Justices Kennedy and Scalia, was not ideas but circumstances. His nomination to replace Lewis Powell, unlike the nominations of Rehnquist and Scalia, was regarded as likely to shift the philosophical center of the Court. Kennedy's designation as the antidote to Bork was

Judge Rees, a former law professor and Justice Department official, is currently Chief Justice of the High Court of American Samoa.

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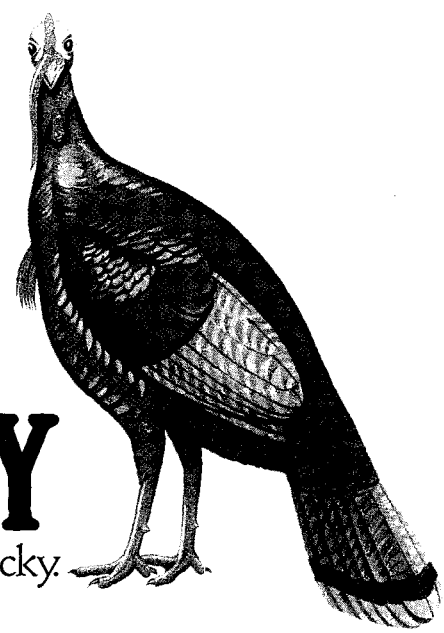
Compromise may be the essence of politics. But it's the ruin of bourbon.



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a function not only of Kennedy's extraordinarily gentle personality but also of the sympathetic publicity attending his earlier loss of the nomination to Douglas Ginsburg.

Shortly before the Bork nomination Professor Laurence Tribe had offered a justification for such differential treatment. Admitting that characterization of judges according to philosophical labels is a rather simplistic exercise, Professor Tribe had nevertheless posited the existence of a Supreme Court on which there were three "liberal," three "moderate," and three "conservative" Justices. If a conservative is nominated to replace a conservative, or a liberal to replace a liberal, Senate inquiry should focus on the credentials and personal qualities of the nominee. But if the President fails to respect the philosophical balance of the Court, the Senate should enforce it.

The main problem with this plan for philosophical affirmative action is that a lot depends on who gets to define what a moderate is. Everyone is a moderate in the mirror; for any random observer, whom we may designate for convenience by the symbol *Me*, the perfectly balanced Supreme Court would consist of four judges to the left of Me, four to the right of Me, and Me. Professor Tribe attempts to get around this problem by emphasizing that it is the current balance on the Court, not a hypothetical ideal balance, that must be reinforced. But the effect of such reinforcement, if it would work, would be to perpetuate whatever views the individual Justices happened to have at the time Professor Tribe wrote his book. This can be expected to have scant appeal to those who believe the current Court is *not* particularly well balanced—whose taste in moderation runs, say, to Holmes and Frankfurter rather than to Powell and Blackmun.

The likeliest effect of convincing senators that there is such a thing as judicial balance and that they are its special guardians will be to make them less uncomfortable than they should be about rejecting judges who will not promise to vote in accordance with the senators' political preferences. This was what was wrong with the hearings on Bork: not that senators probed deeply into his judicial philosophy, but that some of them seemed determined to obliterate any distinction between judicial philosophy and political ideology.

Such a distinction is central to the doctrine of *Marbury* v. *Madison*, which established the Supreme Court as the final interpreter of the Constitution. Legislation is an act of will, but every judicial decision must be an act of judgment. This is what senators should be asking about judicial nominees, and Presidents about prospective nominees: Will they interpret the Constitution and the laws, or will they do something else? It is more than a rhetorical question. Many lawyers and scholars today, and some judges, would question whether it is possible or desirable to "interpret" the law in a way that differs fundamentally from "making" the law. Many of these people are decent, intelligent, and highly credentialed; some of them are political liberals and others are conservatives; but neither the President nor the Senate is obliged to make them judges.

"Bad news, Mr. President—they don't seem to like it even with *representation."*

REASONABLE PEOPLE will differ on what constitutes interpretation as opposed to lawmaking. Neither the Executive nor the Senate should be expected to settle for a prospective judge's self-description as a "strict constructionist" or as one who is "committed to equal justice under law." In order to get beyond slogans to the level of ideas, it often becomes necessary to discuss cases, both real and hypothetical. But such discussion must be a means of discovering how the candidate regards the judicial function and the Constitution, not of exchanging coded promises. The difference between these two enterprises—between asking detailed questions about the school-segregation cases in order to determine whether the nominee understands and is committed to the Equal Protection Clause, for instance, and asking the same questions in order to find out how he will vote on the next affirmative-action case—may not always be visible to the naked eye. It depends on the honor and also on the sophistication of both the judicial selector and the judicial candidate.

Fortunately, sophistication often comes with practice. The Bork hearings were a bad beginning, but they were an improvement over some prior hearings in which the nominee campaigned for confirmation on a platform of platitudes and innuendoes designed to give senators the impression that the nominee would be their kind of Justice. Each senator takes an oath to uphold the Constitution, and Judge Bork was the first nominee who seemed seriously interested in assisting the senators to decide whether consenting to his nomination would be consistent with that oath. One can believe that the senators got it wrong, even that they badly misconstrued the nature of their task, and yet thank them and Judge Bork for trying.

One can also hope that Mr. Bush will not be deterred from nominating judges who, like Judge Bork, are committed to the idea of a Constitution and are willing to articulate the consequences of that commitment. That Mr. Bush must develop a different relationship with the Senate from the sort other recent Presidents have had seems beyond question, but unilateral disarmament is rarely the most effective prelude to negotiation.

The new relationship will principally require reciprocal communication among all parties to the process—the President, the senators, the nominees, and the interested public—about what the judicial function requires. This, in turn, entails frequent examination of conscience: each participant must be sure that he really is using the process to promote a principled and coherent view of the judicial function, not a list of preferred outcomes. Everyone should have a litmus test, but the litmus test should be *Marbury* v. *Madison*. Perhaps by the time of the next Bork nomination we will all have got it right. □

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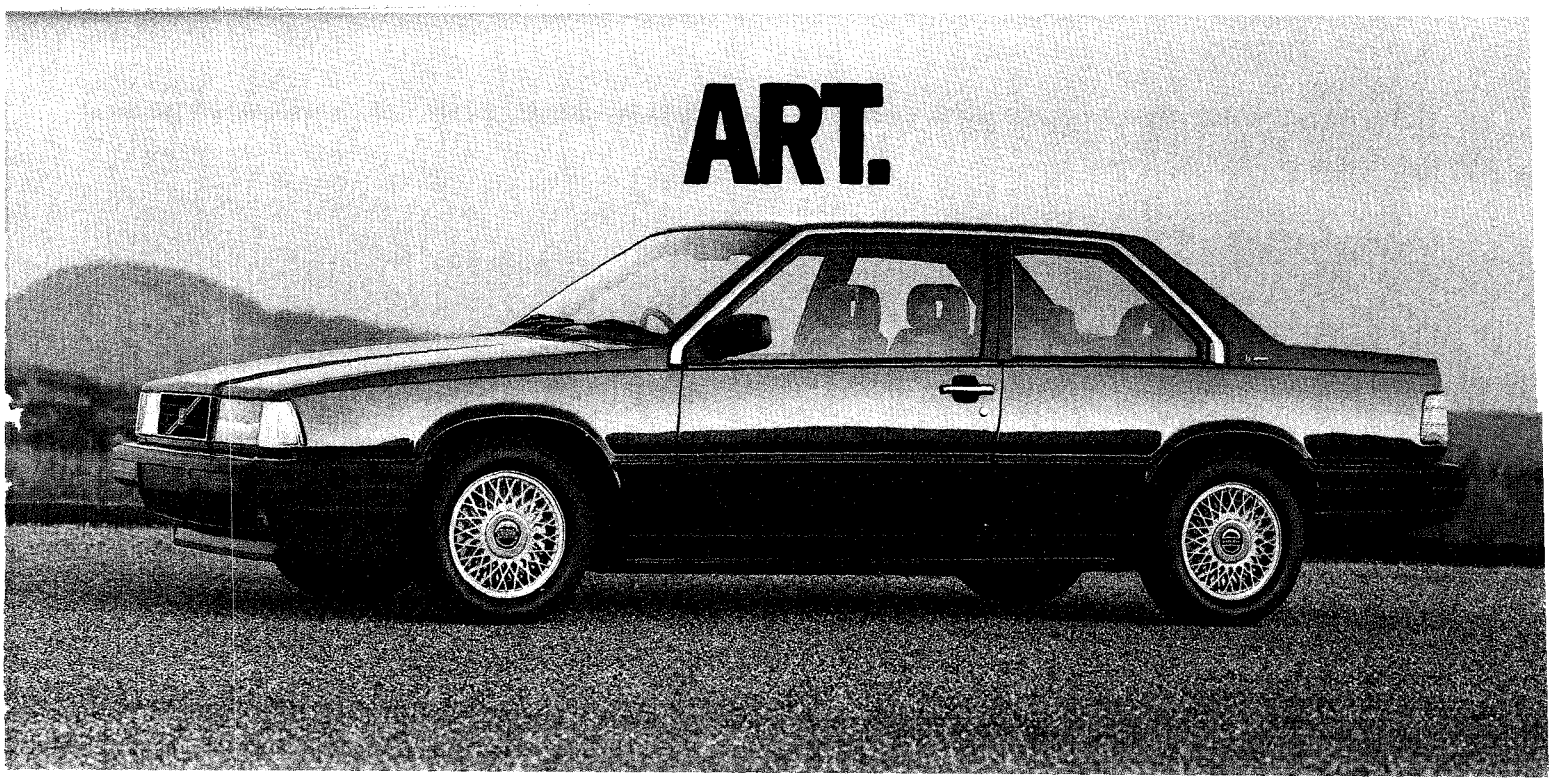
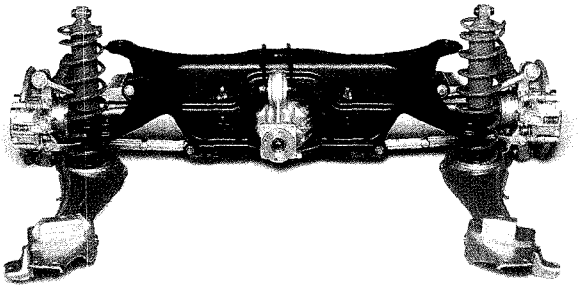


STATE OF THE ART.

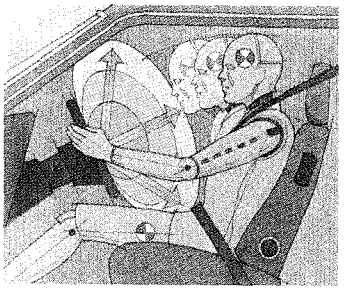
The refined shape of the Volvo 780 was carefully arrived at by Bertone, Italy's leading automotive designer.

But since the turbocharged 780 was engineered in Sweden, the attraction goes well beyond sophisticated looks.



Consider, for example, the Multi-link independent rear suspension. Unlike more conventional systems, Multi-link allows each tire to individually adjust to road conditions. So when you encounter uneven road surfaces only one tire, instead of four, is affected. The result is a suspension system that puts comfort *and* handling under one roof.

As one would expect, a car of the 780's class is equipped with a driver's-side Supplemental Restraint System (SRS). When used in conjuction with our three-point seat belt, SRS is designed to increase protection to the driver in certain types of accidents.



For additional safety, the Volvo 780 is equipped with anti-lock braking (ABS) which continuously regulates the distribution of braking power. Consequently, ABS allows you to brake with less chance of skidding or losing steering control. And that helps take the panic out of panic stops.

So see us soon to test drive the Volvo 780 personal luxury coupe. It's an engineering achievement even an artist can appreciate.

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VOLVO

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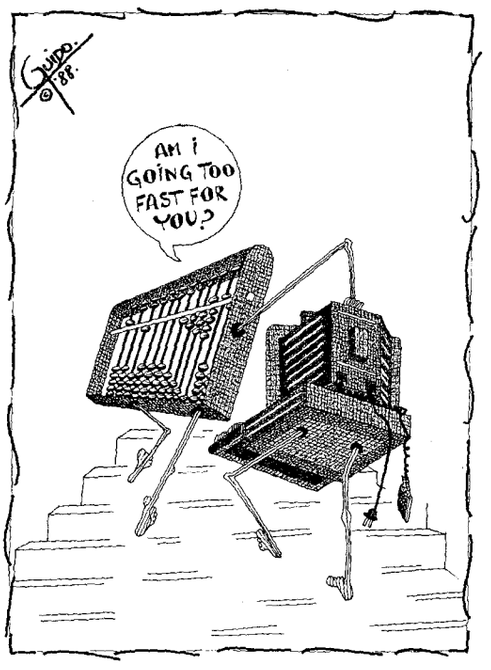
help

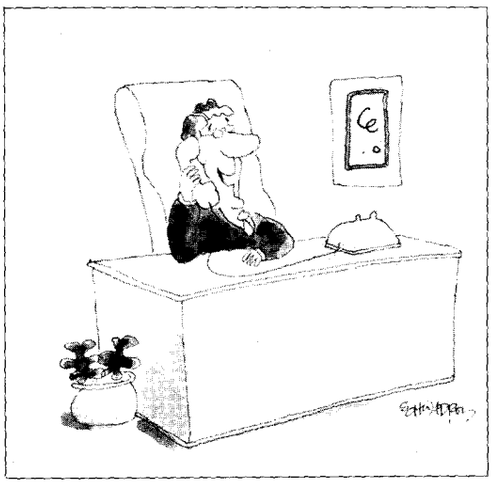
Keenings

The Brontes
Two of such brain
And soul intense
Could well disdain
The love of gents.

John Donne
Oh, he was wild,
An awful brute,
Who got with child
A mandrake root.

Gloria A. Maxson





"Actually, I was calling to speak to your recorded message. I want to thank it for providing the only warm, gentle, reassuring words I have heard all day."

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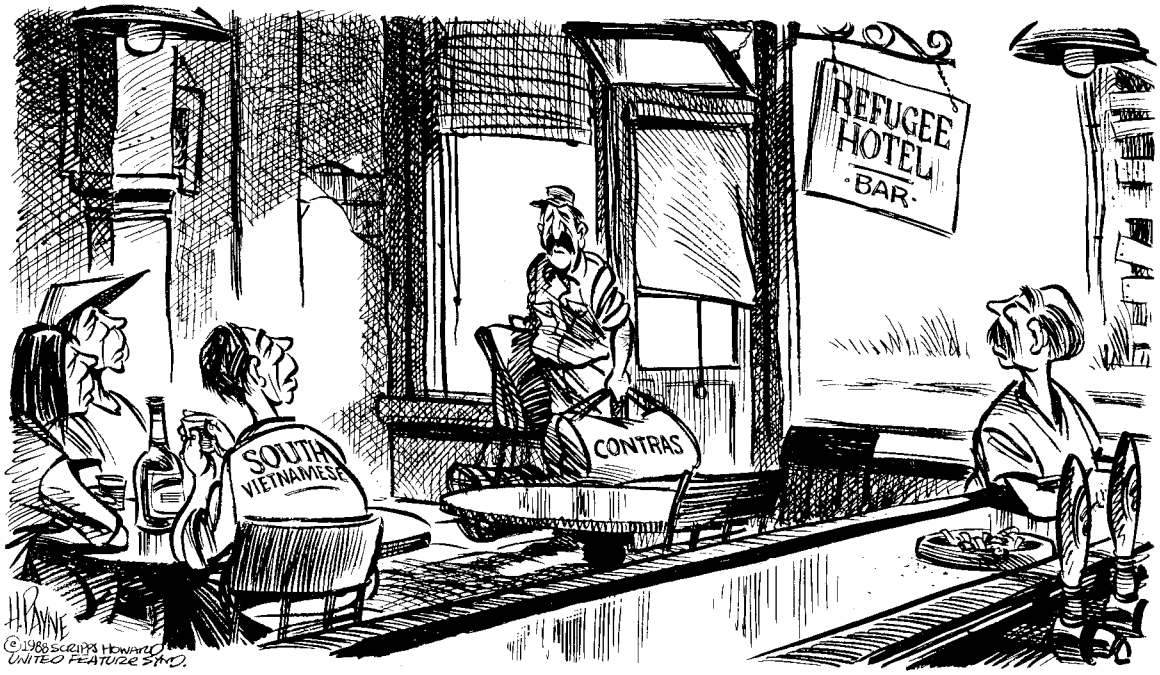

"DON'T TELL US... YOU MET SOME RICH, SMOOTH-TALKING AMERICANS— SAID THEY'D AID YOUR CAUSE. YOU TRUSTED THEM. THEY NEGOTIATED A FLAWED PEACE TREATY, AND NOW THEY WON'T RETURN YOUR CALLS."

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LA GLASNOSTA

For sixty years, Mexico's ruling party has kept an iron-handed peace. Now its control is slipping. Even before his inauguration, President-elect Salinas is discovering the dangers of glasnost.

MEXICAN STANDOFF

GEORGE BYRAM LAKE

CARLOS SALINAS DE GORTARI, Mexico's forty-year-old president-elect, has at least one point in common with Mikhail Gorbachev: they are both discovering that a dictatorship, whether totalitarian or merely one-party authoritarian, is never in so much danger as when it tries to relax its grip. A little *glasnost*, in Mexico as in the Soviet Union, whets appetites for more.

Toward the end of his strenuous election campaign, Salinas sent down word forbidding any dirty tricks (*alquimia electoral*) in the vote count. Ardent members of the Partido Revolucionario Institutional (PRI), however, may have amended the order to read: except when absolutely necessary. Or so the losers have charged, both before and since the polls closed on July 6.

By the official count, Salinas squeaked through to victory with 50.3 per cent of the vote. His party, meanwhile, lost scores of seats in the Chamber of Deputies, including several held by party "dinosaurs," but kept control by a narrow margin, 260 seats to 240 for the combined opposition. Altogether it was the poorest showing in the PRI's existence. In fact, it marked a watershed in the political history of Mexico.

Almost from the party's foundation in 1929, the president has been a limited-term dictator, with iron control over a rubber-stamp Congress. His whims, wise or foolish, could become law overnight. He and party bosses controlled the governorships in all 31 states and the mayoralties of all cities, most towns, and many villages. Each president, as his six-year term neared its end, would pick his successor, who, like all the other candidates chosen at the top, invariably won the pro-forma election. All government officials were, and still are, professional politicians.

Now *presidencialismo*, the chief executive's monopoly on power, has been shattered, as Salinas himself announced after surveying the wreckage on July 7. "The era of one-party rule in Mexico is over," he said, "and greater democracy in government has become an urgent necessity."

The big question is whether the transition can be achieved without slaughter. This is not an unduly alarmist point; every Mexican above the age of six knows that one million Mexicans out of what was then a population of 15 million died in the terrible revolution of 1910-1917. Fear of a repetition of that calamity has helped give the nation more than a half-century of peace.

Whether that peace will continue may depend largely on two power-hungry former members of the PRI high command, Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas and Porfirio Muñoz Ledo. The two men broke away from the PRI last year to form the Frente Democrático Nacional (FDN), a loose coalition of socialist parties whose "democracy," critics charge, is of the Iron Curtain variety.

With Cárdenas as its presidential candidate, the FDN finished with a surprising 31 per cent of the vote. Manuel J. Clouthier, the portly candidate of the Center-Right Acción Nacional (PAN)—which has politely been the Loyal Opposition for years—trailed with 17 per cent. Both Cárdenas and Clouthier claim there was massive fraud in the voting, and at their separate protest rallies have variously demanded new elections, a full recount, or the resignation of Salinas even before he takes office. The resulting turbulence—which continues even now, on the eve of Salinas's December 1 inauguration—seems designed to provoke violence or even a full-scale armed uprising.

CARDENAS'S GOOD SHOWING in the polls is of course largely a protest vote, owing to public despair with the seemingly endless decline in living standards under the PRI. Cárdenas has his father to thank for making him rather than Clouthier the beneficiary of the voters' discontent: the memory of former president Lázaro Cárdenas is still cherished for his nationalization of the petroleum industry fifty years ago. Thus voters protesting the last 17 years of socialist misrule under the PRI gave their vote to the socialist son of a socialist father.

The Cárdenas family's attachment to socialist causes goes beyond Mexico's borders. Lázaro Cárdenas protected Fidel Castro and his revolutionaries when they were illegally based in Mexico in the 1950s, training for their invasion of Cuba. (Cárdenas *père* later volunteered to go to Cuba to fight the Cuban exiles trying to recover their country at the Bay of Pigs, but he was stopped at the Mexico City airport.) His son also admires Castro. According to the newsletter *Acción*, he even sent his own children to Cuba for training under Castro's tutelage.

If Cárdenas inherited his leftism, Muñoz Ledo chose his.

Mr. Lake writes frequently for NR *about Mexican affairs.*

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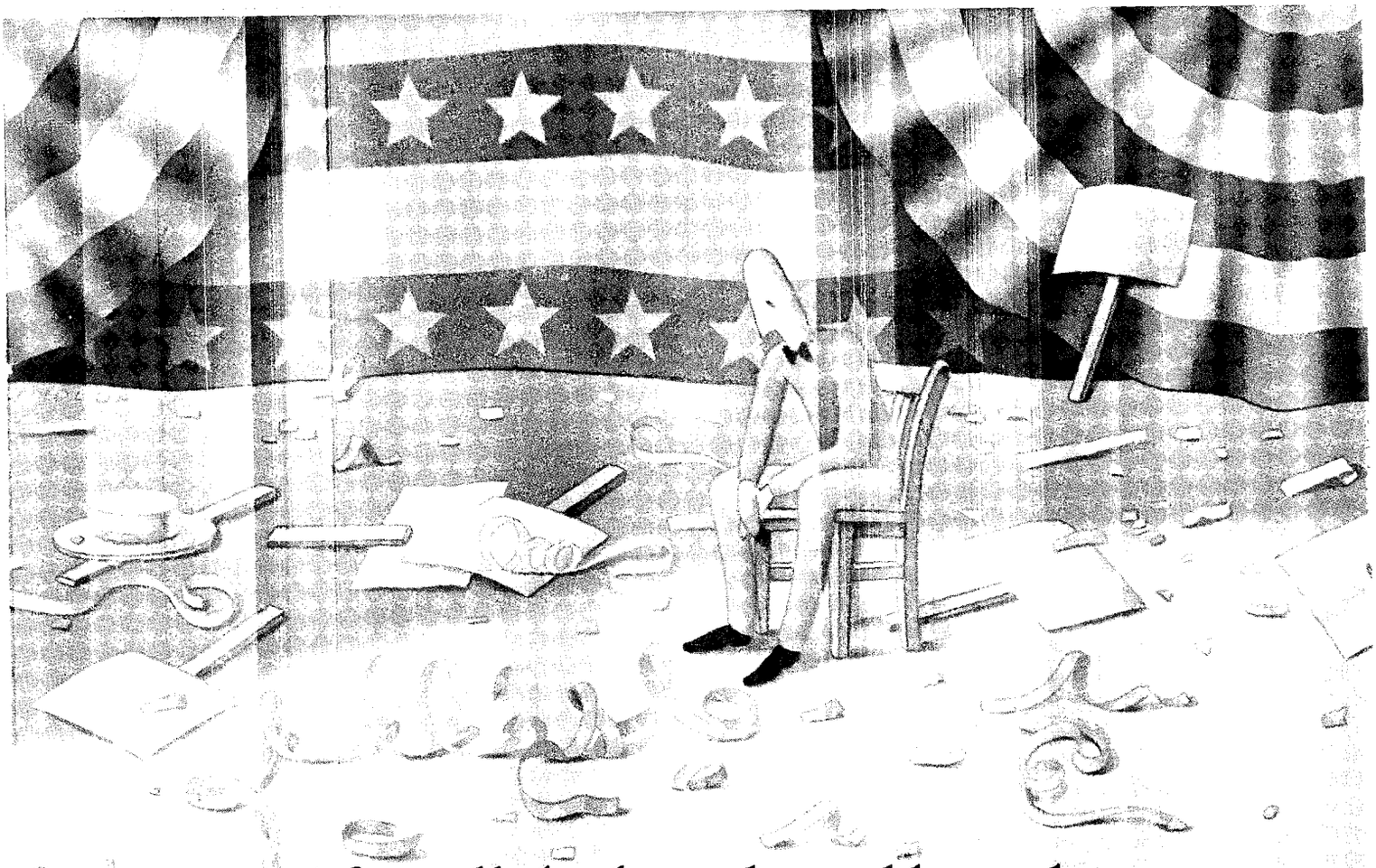

After all the hoopla and hurrahs, America still needs a new policy to cut dependence on foreign oil.

Now that the election is over, we need a new national energy policy to encourage the development of proven alternatives to foreign oil, alternatives such as nuclear energy. A sudden oil embargo today would devastate our economy and threaten our national security.

America is using more and more foreign oil. We will soon be importing nearly 50 percent of all the oil we use.

We need a balanced national energy policy that will stimulate the use of alternatives to the growing threat of foreign oil. These alternatives must enable America to use energy more efficiently, invigorate our economic growth, supply our growing electricity needs, protect our environment, and reduce our dangerous dependence on foreign oil.

Nuclear Energy Cuts Oil Imports

Nuclear energy plays a major role in meeting all the requirements of a balanced energy policy. By making electricity with nuclear energy instead of oil, America's 109 nuclear power plants have already saved over 3 billion barrels of oil and over $100 billion in foreign oil payments. The savings will continue over the life of these plants. And new nuclear plants can supply the electricity our economy needs to grow—if we develop a new energy policy.

New Policy Needed

National issues require a national policy. But America's current energy policy is often decided on a short-term, state-by-state, case-by-case basis. This inconsistent approach and regulatory uncertainties at the federal, state and local levels make it difficult to plan and invest in proven long-term energy sources. We must solve those problems. Countries like Japan and France already pursue a long-term national energy policy of decreased dependence on foreign oil through the development of alternatives like nuclear energy. America should do it too.

Now that the confetti has been thrown, the winners have been cheered, and the elections are over, it's time for America to carry out a national policy that puts our energy destiny back in our own hands.

For a free booklet on energy independence, write to the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 66103, Dept. PC18, Washington, D.C. 20035. Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.

Information about energy America can count on

U.S. COUNCIL FOR ENERGY AWARENESS

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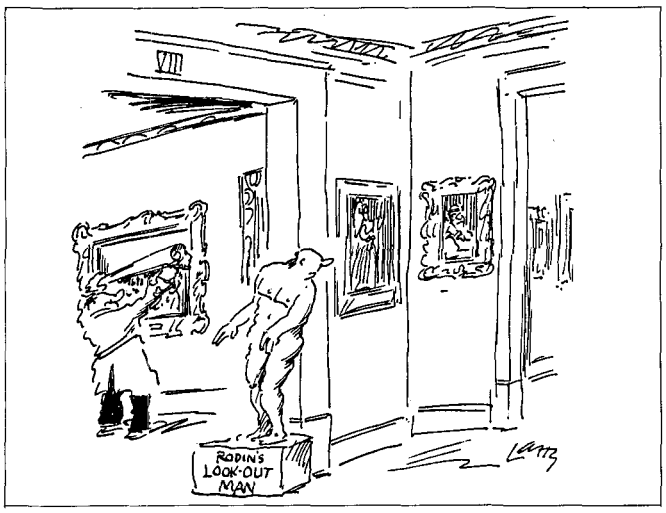
A noted anti-Communist orator at the national university, he later turned virulently anti-*yanqui* and far left. As Mexico's ambassador to the UN in the early Eighties he almost invariably voted against U.S. positions in the General Assembly. He won some critical attention in New York City by smashing the windshield of a car that had encroached by eight inches on his reserved parking space. His diplomatic immunity protected him legally, but he and his hammer left for Mexico soon afterward. A former leader of the PRI, he left the party when his last hopes for gaining its presidential nomination were dashed.

Now he is Cárdenas's right hand in the FDN, and the two are trying to solidify their loose coalition, starting with campaigns for governorships in several states in the next few months. The unification of the coalition may be difficult, but its harassment of Salinas seems likely to persist well into his term.

That harassment flourished most notably on September 1, when President Miguel de la Madrid delivered his sixth and final state-of-the-nation address. The annual *Informe* is a solemn affair of state, attended by the diplomatic corps, the Supreme Court, the Congress, and distinguished visitors from abroad. One of Salinas's principal advisors heard that FDN and PAN leaders intended to disrupt the president's speech in the hope of provoking a riot, a counterattack, and the creation of a few martyrs. Salinas sent the opposition leaders a conciliatory message: If they would restrain their followers at the *Informe*, and at the subsequent congressional confirmation of his victory, he would propose forming a government of national unity.

The offer was ignored by the FDN and the PAN, but it further annoyed the PRI old guard (*los Duros*), who denounced it as a confession of weakness. Fidel Valazquez, ancient head of the labor wing of the PRI, grumbled: "Instead of fighting the opposition we are surrendering step by step . . . That will lead to defeat and collapse." In other words, no *glasnost*, now or ever.

Meanwhile, deputies from both the FDN and the PAN went ahead with their plans to disrupt the president's address. They interrupted him a total of 13 times in an unprecedented display of disrespect. Muñoz Ledo led the hecklers, but instead of having him and his faction ejected, de la Madrid patiently waited out the clamor that followed each interruption. The FDN at last stormed out of the Legislative Palace, to hoots and catcalls by the PRI faithful. The president finished his three-hour speech in peace, and the crowd outside was dispersed without significant casualties. Many Mexicans with no part in the contention were outraged by the opposition's behavior. It was an insult to the nation as well as to the office of the chief executive, and that still is not permitted in Mexico.



THE OPPOSITION put on a repeat performance two weeks later, and with that it blew any chance it may have had to share power with the "system." The constitution says that the deputies, sitting as an Electoral College, must certify as valid the election of the winning presidential candidate before he can take office. That formality had never before been of importance, but it suddenly loomed as still another hurdle for Salinas. All the FDN and PAN deputies were against certification, and nobody was sure just how firm the PRI majority would stand. The defection of 11 members would annul Salinas's victory, require appointment of an interim president, and force new elections in the spring. With tempers inflamed, that cumbersome procedure might never be completed. A *golpe de estado* was rumored, but de la Madrid warned that any such attempt would be decisively put down.

The wrangling in the Electoral College went on for days. Deputies struggled to get to the podium; some arguments ended in fist-fights. The PRI rejected all demands from first to last. Outside, a huge crowd threatened to take the issue to the streets. Squads of stone-faced riot police in battle gear stood by, while army helicopters, their powerful searchlights blazing, clattered overhead.

After thirty hours of deadlock and empty debate, Muñoz Ledo and the entire FDN deputation stalked out again, the PRI leaders rushed through the vote to certify, and Carlos Salinas de Gortari was formally pronounced president-elect of the United States of Mexico for the 1988-1994 term of office. Scattered mass protest demonstrations continued, but the threat of an uprising subsided.

Beyond that, the outlook is bleak. The new president will face an appalling collection of intractable problems. They include a stagnant economy, the need to borrow further billions of dollars while simultaneously trying to get creditors to write down the old debt, inflation (at 10 per cent) somewhat suppressed but far from cured, and seething public resentment at the government's pompous incompetence. The *peso*, worth 12.5 cents in 1971, now is worth about one-fifth of a U.S. cent, new devaluation probably impends, and capital flight is again accelerating. Stark poverty has brought an almost unbelievable increase in both crime and police corruption. There also is a devastating increase in drug trafficking and drug addiction. The frightening crime wave in Mexico City was a big factor in the PRI's defeat in congressional elections there.

President de la Madrid has made a valiant effort to combat these problems, which are largely the legacy of his two predecessors, Luís Echeverría and José López Portillo. Salinas intends to follow in de la Madrid's footsteps. PRI failures and misdeeds notwithstanding, Mexico's best hope for climbing out of its chaotic Third World plight now lies in giving the new president and his plans for a much more open and democratic government a chance. For the first time ever in its long, grim history, Mexico now may be ruled by consensus rather than edict. □

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CHINESE MILTON

COLONEL Charles George Gordon of Britain was called "Chinese Gordon" by his countrymen because of the helpful role he played in nineteenth-century Chinese imperial politics. Will we now be calling Milton Friedman "Chinese Milton"? He has been listened to most attentively in Peking on the subject of privatizing China.

Friedman was among the members of the Mont Pelerin Society who went to Kyoto, Japan, for a conference early in September. The Mont Pelerinians are prone to congratulate themselves on their progress in turning the Western world back to the freedoms of the nineteenth century. But Friedman was not in a congratulatory mood. He opened with a bleak recital of ways in which the West has retrogressed since 1914 in basic freedoms. Before World War I, for example, people did not need passports or visas to go to places other than a few benighted countries such as Turkey and Russia. Friedman's words struck home to visitors who had struggled all summer to get their Japanese visas in order.

Friedman broke off his Kyoto stay to travel with Ed Crane of the Cato Institute to Mainland China. Cato was co-sponsoring a conference with Fudan University in Shanghai, featuring Friedman on "Using the Market for Social Development."

Friedman tried to make his audience realize that the frequently posed question, "Who in the United States is in charge of materials distribution?" has very little point: only in a command economy does materials distribution remain a vexing question. Friedman's advice to listeners intending to visit our country was to go to the first floor of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, where commodities such as wheat, cotton, gold, and silver are traded by people who scream at each other, making "arcane signals with their hands," and "getting into fights on the floor . . ." The "miracle of the market" was that it "coordinates the activities of millions of [these] people, and does so in a wholly impersonal way through prices that, if left completely free, do not involve any corruption, any bribes, any special influence, any need for political mechanisms."

This may be ABC stuff for American college students, but it was new to many of Friedman's listeners. He went on: "using or not using the market is not the crucial distinction. Every society, Communist, socialist, social democratic, purely capitalist, call it what you will, uses the market. The crucial issue is not market or no market; the crucial issue is private property or no private property."

Two broad facts about China stand out in Friedman's mind. One is that the overwhelming majority of the Chinese population is employed in agriculture. The other is that China's big industries are government-owned and bureaucratically operated. If and when improvements in agricultural productivity are made, where are the released farmers to go? The trouble, said Friedman, is that small businesses are needed to create new jobs. How to get these businesses going in China? The answer: It will happen if and when people can keep some of their capital to make their own experiments.

A myriad of young Chinese journalists followed Friedman everywhere. They hung raptly on his answers to the question posed by the September 14 issue of the *China Daily*, "Should China reform its economy step by step or all at once?" No doubt the big bureaucratic industries, if left in government hands, will insist to the last on price fixing and favored access to raw materials. But Friedman suggested that the ownership of the big state industries might be turned over to the people by giving or selling them shares. He quoted Robert Poole, the editor of *Reason*, as saying that one solution, widely used in Britain, would be to "identify potential opponents and cut them in on the deal, generally by means of stock ownership." Talking about the privatized British Telecom, Poole said that unionized civil servants, sensing the chance to make money, bought shares despite the objections of their leaders.

FRIEDMAN'S own favorite form of privatization "is not to sell shares of stock at all, but to give government-owned enterprises to the citizens . . . set up a private corporation and give each citizen one or one hundred shares in it. Let them be free to buy or sell the shares. The shares would soon come into the hands of entrepreneurs who would either maintain the enterprise . . . or break it up into a number of entities if that seemed most profitable."

After the Shanghai conference Friedman flew to Peking, where he met with the number-two ranking official in China, Zhao Ziyang. Zhao announced to Friedman that he had in hand a government plan to sell stock in state-owned enterprises.

Whether Zhao can get past bureaucratic resistance to industrial reform is a question that tantalizes Ed Crane. He points out that following Friedman's visit, there have been rumors of reduced power for Zhao. But from the beginning, says Crane, the road toward reform in China has been two steps forward and one step back. China has, he says, 225,000 private enterprises with eight or more employees, so there would be some constituency for reform.

Friedman's parting advice to Zhao was to get as much privatization done as quickly as possible. Stringing things out only serves to enhance what Milton and Rose Friedman have called "the tyranny of the status quo." □

Mr. Chamberlain, an NR *contributor from the start, is the author of* A Life with the Printed Word.

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WHAT HAPPENED

ONE THING about this election that is worth remembering is how often the gurus and pundits were wrong. The *éminence noire* of gurus, Richard Nixon, predicted at one time that Bob Dole would defeat George Bush and that Mario Cuomo would be the Democratic nominee. After Michael Dukakis's triumph in Atlanta, his unexpectedly eloquent acceptance speech, and his 17- to 18-point lead in the polls, the media were already writing off Bush's chances. Compared to Ronald Reagan, he suffered from a "stature gap." On many occasions, wise heads nodded in agreement with the forecast that whoever won, it would surely be a very close election. The final insult to our intelligence came, as it always does, on election day itself, with early reports that turnout was surprisingly heavy; in fact, for the first time in forty years, turnout fell below 50 per cent of the voting-age population.

There were three decisive events in the 1988 presidential election. The first was Bush's acceptance speech in New Orleans, when he emerged from the shadow of Ronald Reagan as his own man, a fighter not a wimp, who was also able to touch his listeners' hearts with his vision of a kinder, gentler America. He went into the convention five to seven points behind in the polls and came out of it with a six-point lead, which he never lost.

The second was Bush's decision to attack Dukakis as a big-spending, permissive liberal who was soft on crime. Dukakis failed to respond effectively until the last two weeks of the campaign because, we are told, he thought these charges were so wide of the mark they would not stick.

The third decisive event was the last debate, in which Bush was more relaxed and more confident, while Dukakis not only failed to give effective answers, but seemed dull and unhappy. In our poll, Bush's lead went up seven points immediately after the debate.

In fact, the cards were always stacked against Dukakis. This was in part a referendum on Ronald Reagan. There were no big issues. A vote for Bush was a vote for continued peace and prosperity.

Yet, Dukakis could still have won. Majorities of Americans, in spite of the Reagan legacy, told us throughout the election that they wanted the new President to "start with new policies" and break with the past rather than "continue in the direction we are headed." But Dukakis, unlike Kennedy in 1960, failed to convince the voters that he was the man to chart this new course, and the majority favoring change fell as the campaign progressed, from a high of 64 per cent in late July to 53 per cent at the end.

By the end of the campaign, Bush enjoyed big leads in polls asking which candidate would do better with the economy, inflation, crime, defense, and foreign policy. Dukakis's advantages on the elderly and the poor, on children, on health care and education, never grabbed the voters' attention.

Nonetheless, there are some big "what ifs" in this election. What if Dukakis had counterattacked earlier that Bush's TV commercials were dishonest distortions of his record? What if he had been on his best form for the second debate? What if he had found the effective, fighting style of the last ten days—the populist rhetoric that generated the most excited crowds of the campaign—six weeks earlier? Two out of three voters who made up their minds in the closing days of the campaign voted for Dukakis. It was too little and too late, even though George Bush made mistakes too; above all, he chose Dan Quayle. In a closer election, that could have made the difference.

On November 8, most Americans were choosing their next King and Prime Minister, trying to decide who would best symbolize the values they aspire to and deal with issues and crises that are still in the future. As a result, the personal characteristics of the candidates were more critical than current issues. George Bush won, in part, because of his experience in government and foreign affairs. Dukakis lost, not just because many voters thought him too liberal, but because he failed to convince enough people that he had the personality and leadership qualities that the job requires.

THE UNHAPPIEST legacy of the election is the widespread belief that this was a particularly nasty campaign. Most voters (64 per cent) apparently believe that this election was "more negative than presidential campaigns in the past." The proportion of voters who said they were unhappy with having to choose between Bush and Dukakis and would have liked another choice increased from 35 per cent to 57 per cent in three months.

Fully 75 per cent of those who saw Bush's commercials said they were too negative; 65 per cent thought Dukakis's were too negative. So why did they run them? Because they worked, or the best ones did. While Dukakis commercials depicting Bush's "handlers" as cynical manipulators were too clever by half and confused many voters, Bush's television attacks on Dukakis were devastating. In a few short weeks, the number of people who thought Dukakis was soft on crime rose by more than 20 per cent.

One of Dukakis's few successes was in pinning the label of negativism on Bush. Dukakis would have done better if he had become angry sooner—as Bush did. Bush was genuinely angered by the attacks on him at the Democratic Convention, although he claims not to have watched it. He came back fighting. It worked.

(Continues on page 64)

Mr. Taylor is president of Louis Harris & Associates.

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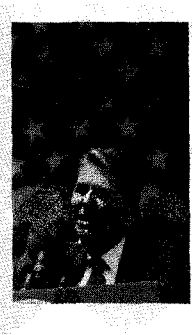

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Ronald Reagan

Sample of February dates

U.S. bans trade with Cuba (1962), 3rd
Ronald Reagan's birthday (1911), 6th
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Republican Party formed (1854), 28th

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THE FUROR OVER PAUL DE MAN

YALE PROFESSOR Paul de Man, who died of cancer in 1983, was a man of great eminence in academic literary-critical circles—of which more in a moment. He was dearly loved by his New Haven colleagues and virtually worshipped by his disciples and students.

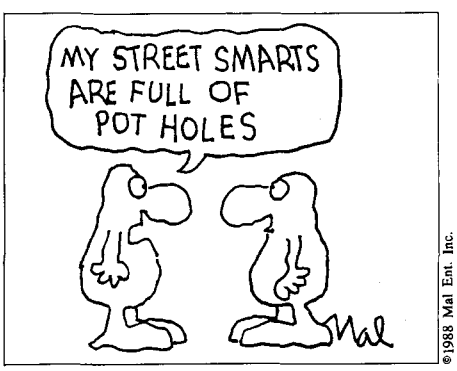
In 1987, the roof fell in when a graduate student discovered that Professor de Man, during the Nazi occupation of his native Belgium, was an intellectual collaborator. He wrote more than a hundred articles for the collaborationist newspaper *Le Soir*, the largest paper in the country. These articles were mostly on books and culture, but one of them, "The Jews and Contemporary Literature," was flagrantly anti-Semitic. It proposed the establishment of a European Jewish colony isolated from the rest of European culture, and doubted that much would be lost to culture thereby. In its original format, his essay was surrounded with disgusting and puerile anti-Semitic cartoons. De Man was in his early twenties at the time.

All the early de Man material is now being published, along with a separate volume of commentary expressing a range of reactions: outrage, sorrow, defensiveness about his later work and academic career (which show not a trace of anti-Semitism), anguish, et cetera. Symposia on this *cause célèbre* are being held regularly in the academy.

Now Paul de Man, at the time of the occupation, was vastly erudite, attractive, and upper bourgeois in background, but he was not a very nice person at all. Beyond the Nazi writing, he bankrupted his father through shady business deals, married and fathered three children, and then abandoned them when he fled to America to escape prosecution and jail as a result of those business deals, and married one of his Bard College students before he had been divorced. In his later years at Yale, however, he struck his friends and students as gentle to the point of saintliness.

De Man's intellectual fame rests on his role as the foremost American expositor of the French school of criticism founded by Jacques Derrida and known as "deconstruction." This took the Yale English Department by storm. Exercises in deconstructivist criticism, including de Man's, are always written in an impenetrable style (I've got a secret) complete with a full course of neologisms, but the whole idea is not difficult at all. Stripped of its poses and its jargon, deconstruction merely exploits a rather sophomoric version of the branch of philosophy known as epistemology, or the study of knowing. Deconstruction asserts a radical skepticism about "knowing" at all, and specifically asserts that we cannot know the meaning of the words in a literary text. All texts, under this method of criticism, dissolve into meaninglessness or else become helpless before the subjective assertion of any meaning whatsoever.

Oh, come on. "My love is a red, red rose" may not be a scientific statement, but it's not about the World Series either. Short of a radical skepticism, there certainly are "zones of meaning" engaged by any text. "To be or not to be" was not about the *Challenger* launch, problematic though its many meanings may be. Deconstruction is a Sorbonne game that somehow awed the boys in New Haven. If they have a taste for that sort of thing, they should have studied some real philosophy.



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Some of de Man's academic followers are concerned that his remote Nazi past may be used to "discredit" deconstructionism. They should rest easy. Despite some murky speculation, deconstruction and de Man's past are not related. Nor is there any need to discredit deconstruction for the wrong reasons when there are abundant correct reasons to discredit it, such as that it does nothing to illuminate any work of literature, and that it is philosophically naïve in the extreme.

IT WOULD HAVE been so much better if Paul de Man, before he died, had said, "I was wrong. I am sorry." But his scandalized colleagues ought to let it go. After all, Pablo Neruda never apologized for those odes to Stalin, and he got the Nobel Prize for Literature.

This last point deserves a moment of reflection, especially as Marxism is enjoying a revival among literary critics; they tend to call it a "perspective" —rather as if they were adopting a Ptolemaic "perspective." And the current furor over the de Man revelation suggests that his former colleagues find it shocking and virtually unthinkable that such a man could have harbored Nazi and racist sympathies. Yet this represents a failure of memory. Nazi and proto-Nazi sympathies are discernible in the lives and works of such figures as Martin Heidegger, William Butler Yeats, and the young Thomas Mann.

And, again, unrepentant Stalinists can remain cultural heroes, and this tells us something. Unlike an earlier and principled liberalism, present-day liberalism (and not only on the campus) is not closed to totalitarianism in its Communist form. Paul de Man should have announced that he had been a Communist all the time, in deep cover. □

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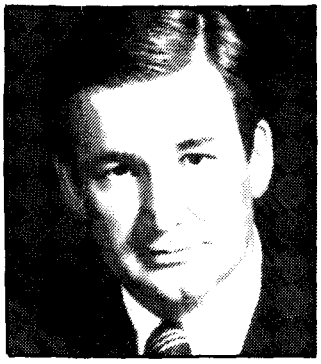

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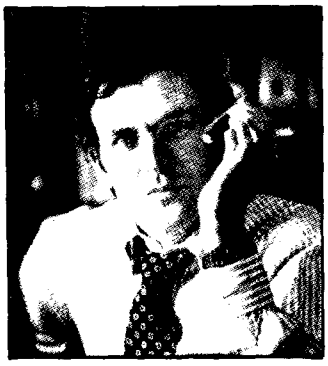

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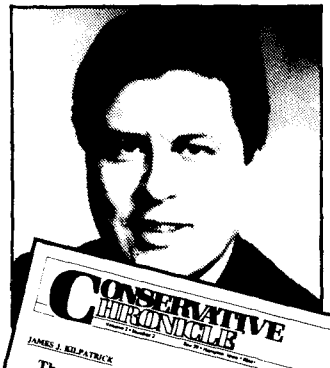

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THE PATRON SAINT OF THE PAINTED WORD

An exchange between Roger Scruton and Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington

PICASSO AND THE WOMEN

ROGER SCRUTON

As the demand for biographies increases, so does their quality decline. For reasons that have little to do with the love of literature, and still less with the love of life, biographies are now comprehensive, packed with trivial detail, and burdened by a scholarship which, through its obsession with fact-finding, raises up an insuperable obstacle to truth. Modern biographies are generally opposed to any conception (other than a sentimental one) of the heroic, and are therefore unable to justify the interest that they arouse. All are very long, and all explore —with the impertinence of an age for which no human greatness must be allowed to obscure the fact of our equal littleness, and for which no human character must stray beyond the bounds of the cosy and the frail—the most intimate features of their victims' earthly journey. Most are written in an easy-going, middle-brow patter, reminding their readership that the lives of the great can be described in terms of the very same conceptions as rule the feelings of the gullible. In short, the modern biography is an exercise in vicarious living: and vicarious living is the enemy of life.

Mrs. Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington's book about Picasso (*Picasso: Creator and Destroyer*, published this year by Simon and Schuster) is no exception. However, unlike most instances of its genre—which tend, on the whole, to be well received by critics engaged in the same lucrative pastime—it has met with almost universal condemnation. Many reviewers have warned against reading it; others have advised us to wait for John Richardson's four-volume alternative, due to start appearing next year. (According to Richardson, Mrs. Huffington's work is "as dim-witted as it is mean-spirited"—fortunate qualities in a book published a year before one's own.)

Mr. Scruton is editor of the Salisbury Review *and author of, among other works,* Sexual Desire: A Moral Philosophy of the Erotic.

The principal cause of this hostility lies in the fact that Mrs. Huffington has broken one of the unwritten rules of modern biography. She has written without that ghastly commodity called "empathy": the capacity to present one's victim as feeble and forgivable, a genius perhaps, but at bottom just like you or me. She has invited her readers to live for five hundred pages in the manner of Picasso, and at the same time reminded them that in doing so they commit a terrible wrong. In every other way, however, her book is a competent instance of a genre that no person of taste would have the slightest inclination to read were he not, like the present reviewer, paid for doing so. Mrs. Huffington chatters fluently; she has collected a mass of interesting information; her subject too is interesting, and she has woven her material together in a racy narrative packed with sexual episodes. What is primarily wrong with her book is what is wrong with the whole genre to which it belongs: namely, the failure to perceive that biography is an art, whose greatest exponents—Plutarch, Johnson, Aubrey, Evelyn—offer us the drama and the meaning of a life through the rectifying prism of aesthetic form, reducing each person to the episodes, and the number of pages, that his inner truth requires. Serious biography is therefore suspicious of facts, and at war with scholarship. If Picasso emerges from Mrs. Huffington's chatter as demeaned and diminished, this is not because she emphasizes the demeaning side (though she certainly does), but because she does so unremittingly, and at enormous length, until Picasso is entirely buried beneath the case against him.

It is the mature and aging Picasso who principally interests her. Gone is the charming, antic Bohemian, with his clown nose, his dancing eyes, and the children clinging to his shins. Instead we find a raging Minotaur, fired by an egotism that turns from lust to despair as the years wear on and the human wrecks accumulate. Picasso's sexual obsession, Mrs. Huffington implies, reveals a need to dominate the other sex, to reduce and subjugate the source of love, so that love could be obtained at will and without payment. But whether those feelings—which permeate the book—stem from Picasso rather than Mrs. Huffington is a matter of some doubt. It occurs to me that someone who can sustain for five hundred pages an unflagging interest in an unruly penis, while finding little to justify its antics, does not have a strong claim to the moral superiority that is assumed by Mrs. Huffington.

Not that she fails to make her case: for it was already

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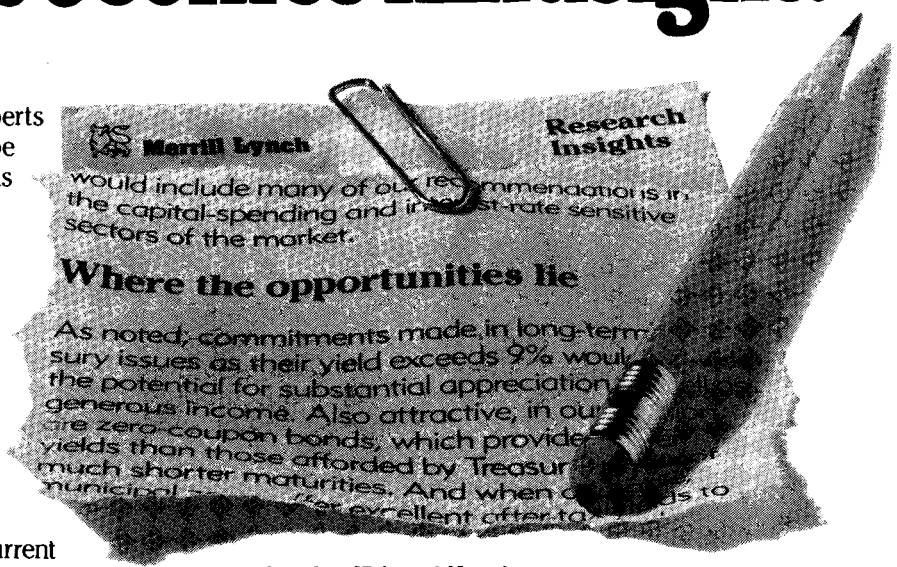

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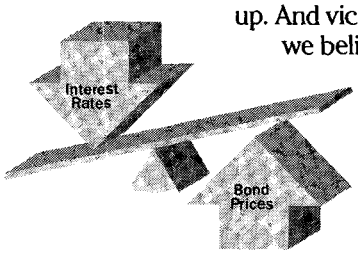

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all but made by Françoise Gilot, who has favored Mrs. Huffington with some new revelations. Even if her use of such hearsay evidence is, to put it mildly, less than fully critical, the reader is persuaded by the sheer weight of it. Clearly Picasso exerted an enormous sexual fascination over women. He also used that fascination in a most unscrupulous way, not only to gratify his desires, regardless of the dependence that he thereby created, but also so as to maintain a permanent balance of moral power in his own favor. It may be, too, that he was as disposed to betray his friends as his mistresses, and that he was as cruel to his children as to the women who flocked to receive his punishments. For, as John Richardson expressed it in a recent interview: "Picasso . . . was a cannibal. You'd be in a room with him and he'd take on each person in turn, look into your eyes as if you were the only one who interested him. He'd remember a particular painting that you had liked on a previous visit, and tears would come to your eyes . . . And nothing would please him more than your tears . . . It was an amazing performance, and he'd do it all around the room until, at the end, the group suffered from nervous exhaustion."

But, as Mr. Richardson goes on to show, there is another side to this, one that only dimly engages Mrs. Huffington's attention: "He had taken the energy from everybody, their love, their thoughts. When he stood, he was full of your energy and then he'd walk into the studio and work all night on it." The love and life that he drained from his victims was (in their eyes) transformed into art and sanctified. For Picasso flourished at a time when art had become redemption, and the artist stood in for God. To love him, and to offer up one's soul to him (not to speak of one's body), were almost obligatory passions among those who sought Picasso out.

This peculiar cultural circumstance—the emergence of the artist as god, priest, and sanctifier—helps to explain the hostility directed toward Mrs. Huffington. As I have suggested, her book is a fairly conventional specimen of its kind: relentlessly prurient and sexually unassuageable, distinguished only by the implied criticism of its subject. Mrs. Huffington is not convinced that anyone, even a genius, has the right to live as Picasso lived. For her, the pretense that artistic creativity is a sign of godhead, and that the moral law can be freely broken for the sake of art, is only a pretense. To say as much, in a book devoted to the major artist-hero of our century, is to provoke as lively a feeling of moral indignation as the art establishment is capable of experiencing. For this establishment lives by the myth of artistic license, which it invokes in justification of all its antics: of its endless moral transgression, and its relentless assault on human dignity. Among the reviewers of Mrs. Huffington, only Paul Johnson in *The Spectator*—who sees this matter (as he sees every matter) from the perspective of Roman Catholic morality—could find the grounds for whole-hearted praise. The others have resented the suggestion that the man who breaks all aesthetic conventions, so as to achieve a new and glorious form of beauty, is not entitled to break all moral conventions too. As John Golding put it (in *The New York Review of Books*), Picasso "was somewhat like a force of nature, and in the morality stakes he saw himself as *hors concours*."

PICASSO WAS NOT the first artist to use the modern attitude toward art to such stunning sexual advantage. Many others (not the least of them Richard Wagner) had made a go of it. But Picasso was perhaps the first to leave no place in his art for the self-criticism that such conduct demands. In all its forms, his images tell us, the erotic experience is wholesome and life-affirming. Its griefs and jealousies are but the sauce to its inexhaustible nourishment, and his one message to his many admirers was "go—or rather come—and do thou likewise."

And they did, seduced by the promise of an ecstasy beyond the reach of law. For the fact remains that the women whom Picasso exploited surrendered willingly to him. For the most part they were adults (just), presumptively responsible for their actions, with a knowledge of good and evil. Having surrendered, they invariably returned for more. Some, like Marie-Thérèse Walter (who played Echo to his Narcissus until her self-inflicted death), accepted the outrageous terms he imposed on them with a kind of gratitude that their lives were so radically and brutally simplified by his dictatorial power. Picasso's love for his women invariably dwindled: but while it lasted it was real —real enough to awaken the most ardent reciprocal passion, and no more deceptive in its brevity than the love of man for woman tends to be, when freed from the sacrament of marriage.

Running through Mrs. Huffington's narrative are certain peculiar assumptions: namely, that if women are exploited by men, it is always the *men* and not the women who are to blame; that women are not accomplices in their own destruction; and that they do not, in permitting it, make their own contribution to the destruction of men. A man who made similar assumptions about women, and who wrote accordingly, would be dismissed by the modern American critic as sexist. It is perhaps a testimony to the power of feminism that no American reviewer of this biography has yet used that word to describe it—but if the word means anything, here is a clear instance of it. As Lord Gowrie expressed it in a review in the *Daily Telegraph*: "The people who loved and were exploited by Picasso were loved and immortalized in return; there is no evidence that any of them, including Gilot, would have wished it otherwise."

Picasso was a sinner—but so were his accomplices; and

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if he is to be singled out for special blame, we need to be told why it is that his women should be exonerated, when they were as willing as he was, and when the terms were (as a rule) quite clear. It seems to me that Mrs. Huffington's ultimate complaint against Picasso is that he was sexually attractive, and used his attractiveness to get what he wanted. But there are attractive women too—Mrs. Huffington is one of them—and they also make use of this advantage in the pursuit of their desires. This "using" is not necessarily a calculating thing: the aspiring painter Françoise Gilot was not calculating when she first offered her young body to the genius whom she adored. But it was a pretty good way to begin a career as a painter.

Picasso was a witty man, and his quips and aphorisms are scattered through Mrs. Huffington's pages. At the same time, his wit, like the wit of Cocteau and Guitry, arose from, and played with, a peculiar and never-to-be-repeated social context. Mrs. Huffington does not succeed in evoking that context: indeed, she scarcely tries. It is partly for this reason that the charm of Picasso is reduced to his sexual prowess: nothing else remains of his magnetic social presence, once the surrounding society has been erased from its description.

A more important cause of the diminishing of Picasso, however, lies in the fact that Mrs. Huffington is not much interested in Picasso's art. She accepts uncritically the dubious thesis of John Berger: that late Picasso evinces a decline into sterility and emptiness. Berger explained this by arguing that Picasso (through his success) became too much a part of the consumer civilization that he had begun by challenging. Unlike Berger, Mrs. Huffington is taken in neither by Marxism nor by Picasso's own attempt to appropriate its justifying banner by becoming a member of the Communist Party. It is worth remarking, however, that membership in the Communist Party is, for the Parisian intellectual, usually a way to *épater les bourgeois*, and rarely signifies (as Mrs. Huffington would have us believe) love of totalitarian power, or indeed of any power other than the power of the self.

Late Picasso was "sterile," Mrs. Huffington argues, because the artist himself was sterile: the burnt-out remainder of his own work of dissolution. Commenting on Roland Penrose's introduction to the 1960 retrospective at the Tate, in which the critic described Picasso's work as "born of an understanding and a love for humanity," she remarks that this is as true as Orwell's slogan "War is Peace." Her evidence for this judgment makes no reference whatsoever to Picasso's art, but dwells instead on the post-coital quarreling with Françoise Gilot. By such means we should be able to discount not only the love and understanding expressed by Picasso, but also that conveyed in the art of Stendhal, Balzac, Wagner, and Dickens. The fact is that an artist may, in his life, yield cheerfully to temptation, and nevertheless recuperate, through his art, the values and the vision that are betrayed in his behavior. To say this is not to justify him; it is rather to emphasize that the story of a man's soul can be told in many ways and the story told in his art may contradict the testimony of his life. To write a biography of Picasso in which his art is silenced by the avalanche of his misdemeanors is to miss the meaning of Picasso.

But what should we say of Picasso's art? That he was a genius I do not doubt: though less of one than his protean powers suggest. Picasso opened more avenues to empty and nihilistic image-making than almost any painter in history. But he left it to the mediocre talents who came after him to explore those avenues: he himself stood always outside them, with his face turned to the sun. To say, as Mrs. Huffington does, that Picasso "brought to painting the vision of disintegration that Schoenberg and Bartok brought to music," and to insist that in this he "took to its ultimate conclusion the negative vision of the modernist world," is to misunderstand the entire effort of European culture in our century. Picasso's art should not be seen as disintegration, but rather as an attempt to re-order and re-integrate what had *already* disintegrated, under the impact of forces outside the artist's control. Faced with the unseeable fragments of the modern world, Picasso sought to reassemble them, so as to make them visible and to reveal their truth. The modern world may be ghastly; but the modern artist has no other world to play with. And, as Picasso showed, he can still discover in this world an order and a purity that justify his work. □

THE DECAY OF MODERNISM

ARIANNA STASSINOPOULOS HUFFINGTON

I AM SORRY that Roger Scruton has fallen on such hard times that he had to read a book that "no person of taste" would want to read in order to pick up a reviewing fee. Among the many reviewers who got their knickers in a twist in the course of dealing with my blasphemous challenge to their idol, it was until now Bob Hughes who held the honor for the most bizarre criticism: castigating me for my "pearly teeth: no stains or chips" and for the price of my wedding dress. But step aside, Bob Hughes. Roger Scruton has done you one better. He castigates me for doing what *he* says I complain Picasso did: using my "sexual attractiveness" in the pursuit of my "desires." Let me hasten to reassure Mr. Scruton: he does not figure in my plans.

But what is it about my book that drives otherwise sane, intelligent men to such lengths? What is it that makes reviewers shriek at the top of their voices in lead reviews that the book is unimportant? Why do they descend to what Paul Johnson, reviewing my reviewers in the *Wall Street Journal*, described as "techniques of denigration and personal abuse alien to quality journalism"? And why is it that already, around the world, more words have been written about my book than are in the book itself? Johnson's answer is that "a lot of powerful and highly vocal people have much to lose if their hero falls from grace." "Can their rage be inspired by fear?" he asks.

The answer, plainly, is yes. But what kind of fear? First and most obvious is the fear that results from any threat to one's investment of money, prestige, and reputation in the propagation of a cultural idol. As none other than Bob

Mrs. Huffington is the author of Picasso: Creator and Destroyer.

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Hughes wrote in *Time* in 1979, "The unpleasant fact is that no reputation is immune to fashion. The art market is built on it. . . . If artists who in their day were considered outstanding, whose work was underwritten by the capital and by the social opinions of a powerful empire, could vanish into the oubliette, there is no reason to suppose that the same thing may not happen to their modern equivalents—the Rothkos and Newmans, the Warhols and Johnses, and even (blasphemous thought!) some of the Picassos. What goes up is quite able to come down. It only needs a little crack in the wall of confidence." And the Picasso Gang, led ironically by Mr. Hughes, has been desperately trying to fill in the little crack—caused by the changing times and reflected in my book—with accusations, condemnations, and pontifical anathemas.

The fear that inspires them is, however, much deeper. It is, in fact, a three-headed monster.

Its first head was clearly visible in the closing paragraph of Roger Scruton's review, when he urges us not to see disintegration in Picasso's art. The problem is not with the artist but with the modern world, he tells us: "The modern artist has no other world." The reason why Pablo Picasso was a tragic genius (though Roger Scruton in his hyperventilating adoration of a bankrupt cultural order cannot see this) is that Picasso *knew* that there was another world—a world of love, spirit, harmony, and truth—and that it had eluded him both in his life and in his art. He longed for the culmination that Matisse found, as an artist and as a man, in his chapel in Vence, and yet felt further and further away from it. "One swallows something, is poisoned by it, and eliminates the toxic," was his description of his process of working. And he despised those who, like Mr. Scruton, saw purity, order, and greatness in everything he did. "If I spit," he said once, "they will take my spit and frame it as great art."

As Goethe put it, "This life, gentlemen, is much too short for our souls." Picasso was the greatest visual reporter of our century but not the greatest artist. He was unable to give us a glimpse of the harmony and order beyond all the darkness and decay. And he was certainly unable to give us what only the greatest art can give and what our age needs above all: an expanded vision of what it means to be human. As Kandinsky put it in *Concerning the Spiritual in Art*, "This art, which has no power for the future, which is only a child of the age and cannot become a mother of the future, is a barren art. She is transitory and to all intent dies the moment the atmosphere alters which nourished her." My book ends with a question: "As we move toward the beginning of another world and a new century, what will Picasso, so irrevocably tied to the age that is dying, have to say to the age being born?" The fear of those enraged by my portrayal of Picasso is that they, too, are irrevocably tied to the age that is dying and that they, too, have nothing to say to the age being born—or at least that what they have to say will be of interest only to archaeologists of the twenty-first century.

THE SECOND FEAR is that in disclosing the pathology of Picasso's sexuality we are getting uncomfortably close to the culture of sadomasochism rampant in the art world. Many would have us believe that sadomasochism, as practiced by Picasso and some of his most ardent defenders, is after all only another form of sexual expression, an alternative lifestyle like vegetarianism. All of Mr. Scruton's euphemisms—"the promise of an ecstasy beyond the reach of law," "an unruly penis," "entitled to break all moral conventions"—cannot change the fact that Picasso regularly abused one mistress for sexual thrills, beat up another until she was unconscious, and enjoyed holding a lighted cigarette to the cheek of a third. Mr. Scruton dismisses Françoise Gilot's evidence of what she lived through as hearsay and assures us—he tells us not on what superior evidence—that Picasso's love for his women was "real." Which is on a par with Robert Mapplethorpe's definition of S&M as "Sex and Magic."

John Golding described Picasso as "a force of nature, and in the morality stakes he saw himself as *hors concours*." Kay Larson in her review of Mapplethorpe's Whitney show, filled with his sadomasochistic photographs, waxes lyrical: "Out of an anonymous, unzipped fly comes a brutally surging penis, like the life force erupting in the midst of a Victorian garden party." And then, wringing her hands in the usual fashion of those who cannot be bothered to descend from their aesthetic heights to deal with life, she tells us that "somebody else is going to have to untangle the motives of the lifestyle he describes." Indeed. When the images come down from the walls of the Whitney and invade our lives, it is the courts that have to do the untangling. We have recently witnessed the trial of Andrew Crispo, the fashionable Manhattan art dealer, on charges of kidnapping, forcible sodomy, and assault. Mr. Crispo was acquitted: he did not deny having tortured his victim, but he argued, and the jury believed, that the victim had consented to this treatment—just as Mr. Scruton tells us that Picasso's women consented to their abuse.

Did this consent exonerate Mr. Crispo? Did the consent of his followers in Jonestown exonerate the Reverend Jim Jones? Consent does not make sadomasochism less of a sickness nor does it make torture less of a crime. And fashionable, sophisticated men and women who have lost their capacity to be shocked are not protecting our civil rights but desensitizing themselves and our culture to the presence of inhumanity and brutality. "It was supposed to be kinky, not a crime," said an associate of Mr. Crispo's of another torturing in which both were involved.

Mr. Crispo is getting ready to reopen his art gallery as

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soon as he is out of prison. If a connoisseur of art has spent the night torturing young men in his "dungeon," how can he be expected in the morning to recognize the presence of brutality in works of art? In this climate, can we really be surprised when a critic hails such works as masterpieces? Or when he breathlessly celebrates, as John Richardson did in *The New York Review of Books*, what he describes as "the revelation of Saint Pablo the Demonic instead of Saint John the Divine"?

Their third fear is that it is getting increasingly hard to satisfy on a purely aesthetic diet the spiritual instinct in us that longs for a larger meaning. With an almost pathetic desperation, they overestimate the significance of everything "artistic," including Andy Warhol's cookie jars, with ever-diminishing emotional returns. "Picasso," Mr. Scruton writes, "flourished at a time when art had become redemption, and the artist stood in for God." Well, this time is past. Aestheticism—the notion that all of existence can be sanctified as an aesthetic phenomenon—is exhausted. Its champions, still dominating the art world while fighting off a nasty case of existential dread, have failed to recognize that it is the connection between the aesthetic and the ethical that gives art its dignity, its meaning, and its power. It is not an explicit, socio-realistic connection made by the artist but a connection made within ourselves when art pierces through all the crusts of our narrow interests and preoccupations and liberates the truth and the vision of wholeness we carry within us.

In his review of my book in the *Christian Science Monitor*, Theodore Wolff described Picasso as "a lost soul, an artist without a cohesive vision to support or engage him. He was a titan who had lost his way." What Nietzsche called "the crisis of nihilism" found full expression in Picasso's art. He saw God as an enemy, and evil as the ultimate reality. And, inevitably, the way we see affects the way we live. The time has come to recognize the metaphysical lie on which Picasso's life and art were based, to re-evaluate him, and to move beyond him—in our art, in our culture, and in our lives. It is always the custodians of a bankrupt orthodoxy who fight hardest against a future which, on some level, they know they cannot stop. We can leave them barking, while the caravan moves on. □

GETTING HIGH WITH KRISHNAS

Richard John Neuhaus

Many Mansions: A Christian's Encounter with Other Faiths, by Harvey Cox (Beacon Press, 215 pp., $18.95)

HARVEY Cox of Harvard Divinity School says that he has "found that participating in the celebrations of other religions often provides a better way to savor their inner meaning than does exchanging ideas around a polished conference table." When Mr. Cox participates, he participates spectacularly. For instance, he once took part in the Hindu observance of the Festival of Chariots by riding down New York's Fifth Avenue atop a fifty-foot-high wooden cart of shimmering red and gold. Seated beside a replica of one of Krishna's many emanations, Mr. Cox thought to himself, "I knew I would enjoy the festival but I hardly expected to share the royal chariot with the sky-blue Lord himself."

Not all of his "encounters with other faiths" have been so enjoyable. He complains of drearily academic inter-religious dialogues where everybody talks about religion in the abstract but nobody says what he actually believes. Such dialogues, he suggests, need a dose of "particularism." The difference between religious particularists and universalists, according to Cox, is that they accent different parts of John 14. Particularists heed Jesus' words, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no one comes to the Father but by me." Universalists prefer the words immediately preceding that: "In my Father's house are many mansions." Universalists, among whom Mr. Cox counts himself, are much the nicer people. They "advocate dialogue and mutuality," searching for "what is common and that which unites." Particularists are enthusiastic; they shun dialogue and are given to "anathematizing their backsliding co-religionists for compromising the truth by fraternizing with the reprobate." Nonetheless, conversation among universalists becomes so dreadfully bland, says Mr. Cox, that "I have secretly wished to bring some of those enthusiasts in."

The trouble with inter-religious encounters today is that "the universal and the particular poles have come unhinged." Mr. Cox says he wants to talk less about Christianity and more about Jesus. The young Harvey Cox, as he has elsewhere described, was born again at a Billy Graham revival, and the present book is redolent of a vestigial Baptist pietism that, in his enlightened universalism, he does not want to lose altogether. By including some "enthusiasts" in the dialogue of the enlightened, perhaps he can maintain some connection with a naïveté that he has long since outgrown. In flatly juxtaposing the universal and the particular, Mr. Cox declines to consider the theological argument that, at least in the Christian understanding, the universal is comprehended in the particular. But theological argument is for another book. *Many Mansions* is about Harvey Cox's experiences, for which he has seemingly unbounded enthusiasm.

The encounters with other religions recounted here are chiefly with religions of the East. There is detailed explanation of the nasty things Christians have done to Muslims over the years. (Mr. Cox notes that in 1979 Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini asked why "those who worship the wounded Jesus . . . were so incapable of understanding a wounded people such as his own.") And there is a longish report on a few conversations Mr. Cox had with Christians in the Soviet Union. But mainly the book is about his experiences with Hindus and Buddhists.

As he acknowledges, much of *Many Mansions* consists of minor revisions of earlier publications, especially *Turning East* and *Religion in the Secular City*. But, he assures the reader, "most of the material" here is new. The assurance is unnecessary for fans of Mr. Cox, who will no doubt welcome the chance to revisit his self-discoveries through which the nature of the world is disclosed.

For example, it happened one day that Hare Krishnas were ringing doorbells in Mr. Cox's Cambridge neighborhood. "Unlike most of my neighbors, I did not say, 'Thank you, no,'

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM NOVEMBER: In *Into My Own: The English Years of Robert Frost, 1912-1915* (Grove, $19.95), John Evangelist Walsh describes the artistic transformation achieved by the New England poet during his two years' residency in England, between October 1912 and December 1914, and argues that most of the longer poems produced during this period were brought over in draft form from America.

☐ MORE DECEMBER TITLES: *Parting the Waters: America in the King Years, 1954-1963* (Simon & Schuster, $24.95), by Taylor Branch, is the first installment of a projected two-volume history-biography of the civil-rights leader and his times. Volume One begins with the founding, in 1867, of the First Baptist Church (Colored) in Alabama—the platform from which King began his movement, whose model was Billy Graham's crusading evangelism—and closes with the assassination of President Kennedy.

In *The Rise of the Chinese Republic: From the Last Emperor to Deng Xiaoping* (McGraw-Hill, $19.95), Edwin P. Hoyt argues that the Western powers (Britain, France, Russia, and, especially, the United States) paved the way historically, through their imperialistic intervention, for the victory of Communism in China. He does not, however, rule out the prospect of democracy in the course of the next several generations.

Technology and War: From 2000 B.C. to the Present (Free Press, $22.95), by Martin van Creveld, is an interesting history of how technological advances have affected every aspect of war, and thinking about war, from what he calls the Tool Age to the Age of Automation.

☐ COMING IN JANUARY: *Hometown News: William Allen White & the "Emporia Gazette"* (Oxford, $24.95), by Sally Foreman Griffith, looks to be an interesting study of the Kansas newspaperman in the years before he achieved national fame as perhaps the foremost Republican supporter of President Roosevelt's "interventionist" foreign policy. —CW

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but invited them in for a conversation. They accepted, and that day I knew the religious map of the world was changing." One contemplates with awe the vision of an entire world wired to Mr. Cox's front doorbell. In his ebullient extrapolations from his experiences, the author is impatient with the linear logic of the repressed mind of the West. The "crazy wisdom" of the East undercuts our distinctions between correct/incorrect, secular/sacred, wisdom/folly, as we are drawn toward the *coincidentia oppositorum*, the ultimate union of apparent opposites. Liberated from what he deems to be foolish consistency, Mr. Cox is freed to affirm the gnosticism of early Christianity while also insisting that Jesus taught no secret wisdom; he celebrates both the Eastern transcendence of matter and the power of Marxist materialism in rescuing us from our false consciousness. As for the dispute between universalist and particularist Christians, Mr. Cox's insight is that "Jesus was a unique person, and as such he enables us to see the uniqueness of all persons." In other words, there is nothing so unique about being unique, and anyone who has trouble with that is lamentably captive to the "conventional formulations" of the West.

Despite his enthusiasms, however, Mr. Cox acknowledges that we are living in bleak times. The conservative reaction that marks the decadence of late capitalism has been on the rise. Nonetheless, there are signs of hope. The ascendancy of women and indications of restlessness among young people are creating "a crack in the commodity-consumer cultural fortress" of capitalist America. Mr. Cox is confident that he has not wasted his last ten years by devoting himself to Eastern mysticism and liberation theology. Marxist mysticism or, as it may also be, mystical Marxism is the wave of the future. Wo/man is coming of age and Christianity is moving into its post-religious maturity. Don't try to figure it out. With Harvey Cox, let go and enjoy. If we keep the faith(s) until the 1960s arrive, we too can be floating fifty feet high down Fifth Avenue in the secular city's celebration of the crazy wisdom of Krishna. ☐

THE CHECK COLLECTOR

John P. Roche

Fortas, by Bruce Allen Murphy (Morrow, 717 pp., $25)

NINETEEN EIGHTY-EIGHT is turning into a vintage year for retrospective character assassination, with Lyndon B. Johnson as Target Number One. The odious Richard Goodwin is on the prowl, accusing LBJ of paranoia—and then paradoxically demonstrating that the President had every justification for suspecting "the Kennedys" were out to get him. A number of yippies, hippies, and other assorted cuckoos—like the ones foregathered at Columbia this spring—have been reliving the years when they *almost* subverted the Republic. Now comes Bruce Allen Murphy with a tragic tale of how a barefoot country boy, Abe Fortas, was psychologically raped by that monster Lyndon Johnson and left, egoless, in perpetual servitude to his master.

This is, of course, preposterous: Johnson only "devoured" those who, like the Greek women on a besieged island in one of Byron's poems, kept inquiring when the raping would begin. But perhaps 1968—the year of Fortas's failure to achieve the Chief Justiceship of the United States—has contemporary appeal because the Democratic elite is so jejune, the hippies have gone into junk bonds, and twenty years is a good round number.

Murphy comes on with a naïve breathlessness—he is virtually overcome by his own brilliance in unearthing the details of 1) Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas's role as close personal advisor to President Lyndon B. Johnson, and 2) the rather shabby, though not venal, financial matters that eventually led Fortas to resign his seat on the Court. Murphy is savvy enough to recognize that the doctrine of the separation of powers, which in pure interpretation would keep a federal judge from engaging in partisan politics, has never been rigidly observed (Chief Justice John Jay regularly counseled President George Washington) and was used against Fortas largely as a convenient club. He also concludes that in all probability none of Fortas's fiscal transgressions was an indictable offense, and basically agrees with Bob Shogan's verdict in his 1972 study that the Justice was a political casualty. So why are we facing 598 pages of text?

Largely, I suspect, because Murphy feels obligated to explain the "inner Fortas," to discover what fatal character flaw led this extraordinarily talented man to self-destruct. Hence we go on an extended trip into Fortas's New

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Mr. Roche is the Olin Professor of Civilization and Foreign Affairs at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy.

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Deal career, searching for hidden insecurities that, Murphy indicates, led Fortas to funk at crucial points in his life; and above all we learn everything about Fortas's relationship with Johnson, dating back to the legal maneuver that secured "Landslide Lyndon" his Senate seat in 1948. While Murphy eschews the mindless babble of most "psycho-historians," he never stops to ask himself, Do we really need to know "the Real Fortas"?

Having known the man in the flesh in my White House years, I find this great exploration of the Fortas psyche boring. Admittedly I was not very fond of Fortas: he struck me as a cold, arrogant man with all the warmth (Dad would have said) of an Ulster landlord. Fortas had no time for small talk—at least not with the peasantry. When one of us went over to his Georgetown home with some document the President wanted him to evaluate, he would sit down with the manuscript, mark it up, and then give it back virtually without discussion. Meanwhile we had to sit on some of the most uncomfortable antiques I have encountered, probably hand-made by a French torturer's apprentice. It was a chilly house, one with museum-like qualities, and when I met Mrs. Fortas I realized the extent to which art replicates life.

In candor, I never thought Fortas's comments on presidential documents were terribly insightful. What he and the President discussed in private, of course, is another matter.

At this point I want to warn Murphy, as I have others who treat White House telephone logs as holy scripture, that they should be careful. If you were talking to LBJ and Marie Fehmer was on the "dead button," the transcript would emerge perfectly; if Tom Johnson was taking the notes, God knows what would later be deciphered. Also, Presidents Johnson and Kennedy (and others, I'm sure) had unmonitored lines: LBJ had his in the "Green Room," the small office off the big one.

Without doing a detailed critique of Murphy's use of sources, there is one statement that boggles the mind: namely, that LBJ got Arthur Goldberg to resign from the Court in 1965 by promising to put him up for Vice President in 1968, *vice* Hubert H. Humphrey. I thought I'd heard them all, but this was brand new, so I rushed

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to check the source: it was an interview, "Bill Moyers, 4/12/86. . . . confirming confidential source, 11/6/82, Austin, Tex." Meditate on the timing: here we have an anonymous source in 1982, a "confirmation" in 1986, but nothing from the years immediately after 1965—and not a peep out of Goldberg, who is still with us.

Also, Murphy vastly overrates Fortas's role as an advisor in foreign policy. He and Clark Clifford were influential, but the key man was Dean Rusk, joined by Robert McNamara until the latter's meltdown in 1967. Fortas's talent was that he could read LBJ's mind and explicate in a highly articulate fashion the President's views —the skill of a crack lawyer. I would submit that he and Clifford were never principals in foreign-policy decision-making, although Murphy has fallen hook, line, and sinker for the Townsend Hoopes/Clark Clifford version of LBJ's policy shift in March 1968.

When, in July 1968, President Johnson (in an overly clever alliance with Chief Justice Earl Warren) decided to nominate Fortas to the Chief Justiceship, I thought he was on a Kamikaze mission. Poor Joe Califano and his aide Matt Nimetz were sent to point. When Joe asked me for help I was glad to provide him with a dozen or more instances in which Supreme Court Justices had dabbled in legislative or executive politics, but the sum of my wisdom was that James Eastland, John McClellan, Sam Ervin, and Strom Thurmond—the Southern magnates on the Senate Judiciary Committee—would never let a lame-duck liberal President appoint a liberal Jew to the Chief Justiceship. I was saddened, but not surprised, when the Fortas project went down in flames.

The later revelations about Fortas's financial activities surprised me. Not because they suggested he was a crook, but because—given his wife's standing as a tax lawyer—Fortas hardly needed the money, and because there was a shabbiness about the whole business that seemed incongruous, out of place in the Fortas ambiance. Why would such an intelligent man essentially set himself up? Shortly after Fortas's resignation from the Court, I was at the LBJ Ranch helping to manicure the former President's memoirs, and one evening after dinner I asked Johnson this question.

He meditated a minute (he knew I was no great fan of Fortas's), then fixed me in his sights and said, "Johnny, I recall you collect old stamps. Is that right?" I admitted it. He went on: "Do you need these stamps? Can you mail anything with a stamp from one of those places that don't exist any more? What good are they?" I allowed that collecting stamps gave me pleasure—I simply *liked* to collect them. He said, "Well look at it this way: maybe Abe just liked to collect checks"; an analysis that seems to me to make more sense than two hundred pages of Murphy's deep-think. □

UNDERSTANDING WILLIE HORTON

Joseph Sobran

Seductions of Crime, by Jack Katz (Basic, 367 pp., $19.95)

THE STUDY OF crime has been preoccupied with a search for background forces, usually defects in the offenders' psychological backgrounds or social environments, to the neglect of the positive, often wonderful attractions within the lived experience of criminality." So writes Jack Katz, a UCLA sociology professor, in his introduction to *Seductions of Crime: Moral and Sensual Attractions in Doing Evil.*

Katz has an idea that's both terrific and flawed. To ask why people commit "crime" is a little like asking why they don't keep the laws of the Torah. The short answer is that "crime" is a legal category that may or may not especially concern us as we live our lives. It's not synonymous with "doing evil," *pace* Katz's subtitle. Premeditated murder, smoking marijuana, embezzling, tax evasion, and bombing abortion clinics are all crimes, but it would be stretching a point to lump them together as "doing evil," and all of them are outside Katz's scope in this book. He concentrates on violent acts of aggression, and even at that he leaves out such typical forms as rape.

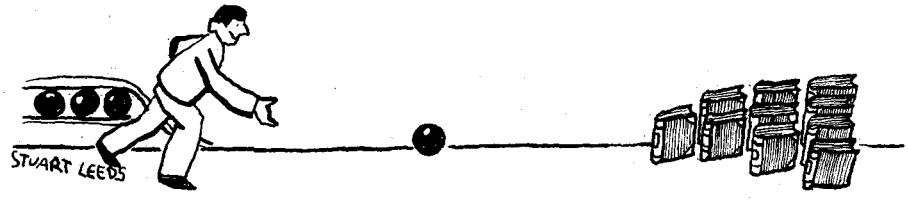
With that understanding, he has written a fascinating book. He aims not to excuse, but to explain. The criminals he studies are united in the euphoria of violence and other consciously deviant behaviors.

His first chapter examines "righteous slaughter," the homicides we call "crimes of passion." Most of these notoriously occur within families (broadly defined). The killer typically feels that his victim has humiliated him intolerably, as by insult or infidelity. These killings often have a boisterous ritual quality: the killer's threatening behavior may be a sort of angry plea to the victim to stop the provocation. If the victim refuses, the killer feels he has no way out, no way to regain or avenge his self-respect, but to destroy the humiliator.

Katz's analysis of this typical pattern is rich in insight, but it isn't so obviously related to the rest of the book. The crime of passion, after all, is basically an attempt to resolve an emotional crisis in a somewhat ad-hoc manner. Most such situations are presumably averted by the yielding of the person who is threatened, or else end with beatings, insults, and other forms of vengeance short of murder.

Katz moves on to the "sneaky thrills" of shoplifting and vandalism, where the perpetrator's motive is usually misconstrued by the standard modes of materialist explanation. Katz suggests that a more likely motive is egotism, the desire to create "a morally unacceptable self" and successfully maintain it against the authoritative social order. Even the burglar may not be driven by pure greed; his victim often finds a foul token of his visit, for "some trespassers defecate to desecrate." In this kind of crime, unlike the hotblooded kind that simply disregards the law, violation can be an end in itself.

The main body of the book is concerned with the sort of career criminals, mostly nonwhite and urban, who are now immediately conjured up by the very word crime: "hard men," "bad niggers," and purveyors of "senseless" violence. To explain their conduct in socio-economic terms, Katz



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says, is to miss the spirit of their enterprise, the considerations of symbol, style, and status that can make ultimately self-destructive behavior rewarding, at least while it lasts, in other ways than the pecuniary. We're not dealing with Jean Valjean here; criminology (especially the amateur sort) may still talk as if the problem were hungry men stealing bread, but our bakeries are not conspicuously besieged.

Katz fastens on something we all see but don't often read about: the emergence in our streets of a distinctive set of self-consciously deviant styles, young men virtually announcing their criminal attitude toward not just "the system" but society in general. "The alien is unnerving," Katz points out, whereas the merely foreign can be charming; and what we're seeing is "an alien aesthetic" of strutting, glaring, tattoos, slang, dress, and general demeanor, all signifying a "toughness [that] manifests that one is not morally or emotionally accessible." Tattoos may proclaim "that the person has suffered and survived pain" and symbolize "a totemic relationship with evil." A swastika or a skull-and-crossbones "suggest[s] that the wearer presumes himself fundamentally rooted in a world of deviance and so is unresponsive to conventional moral appeals." Like, I'm *bad*. "'Jive' talk is not a natural talent of ghetto blacks. Within the local context of ghettos, these argots are resources for taking the posture of an alien presence, a being who moves coolly above the mundane realities of others."

Not that these postures serve no practical purpose. "The person who would be tough must cultivate in others the perception that they cannot reach his sensibilities." This can not only threaten but ward off aggression. "Being mean, then, is a pristinely rational social logic for manifesting that one has transcended rationality": don't mess with me, I'm crazy.

But danger can be fun, and crime needn't pay much if you can exult in it. Initiating violence can be a way of both invoking and controlling chaos. Killing itself can make you a "primordial god," beyond good and evil, however "senseless" your act may appear in terms of the pleading victims' desperate rationality. Gangs—"street elites"—take "pride in displaying the symbols of terrifying evil."

Katz is a little too fond of words

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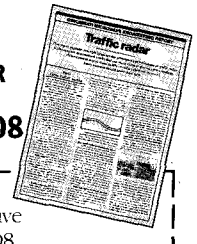

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like "transcendent" and "phenomenological." He has a gift for turning fine phrases, and it's a pity his verbal energy is so often diffuse: he could do with less jargon and more aphorisms and epigrams. At times the reader is tempted to say we should attack the root causes, and not just the symptoms, of social science. Katz's point, after all, is that we owe the criminal our empathy (not our approval or forgiveness), and he is right. A more elliptical and idiomatic style would reinforce his thesis by demonstrating that criminal behavior is *not* so alien to us that we must discuss it in patronizingly abstract categories; the Torah itself doesn't presume that even the pious are immune to the temptation to murder. Finally, toward the end of the book, a little Reagan-bashing creeps in, Katz supposing that his argument has special pertinence to our "illegal" Central American policy.

For all that, *Seductions of Crime* is a keen, imaginative piece of work. It makes nonsense of the idea that we can get rid of crime just by beefing up either the police or the welfare state. It reminds us that criminals are people too, and that this isn't necessarily a compliment. □

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

James M. Rawley

Wallace Stevens: The Later Years, 1923-1955, by Joan Richardson (Beech Tree, 462 pp., $27.95)

JOAN RICHARDSON'S *Wallace Stevens: The Later Years* is a fascinating book thrown slightly askew by hero-worship and idiosyncrasy. Miss Richardson earned her doctorate in 1977 with a thesis on Stevens, and has since devoted her professional life to his writings, which is just what Stevens did not do, being an insurance executive who wrote some of twentieth-century America's greatest poetry in his spare time.

But Stevens has certainly not consumed Miss Richardson's individuality. On the contrary, nothing could be more personal than her way of writing what is supposed to be a straightforward biography. She gives, for example, virtually no space at all to Stevens's years with the Hartford Livestock Insurance Company, though anecdotes about his business methods and high stature within his profession are there for the taking in books she constantly refers to.

On the other hand, the smallest incident concerning Stevens's wife, Elsie, or his daughter, Holly, galvanizes her. Miss Richardson has no particular feminist bias, but she has absolute sympathy with Elsie, who was so beautiful she was chosen to model for the Liberty-head dime and the walking-Liberty half-dollar, yet was not Stevens's intellectual equal and grew sullen, reserved, and eccentric as their life together went on. So intensely does Miss Richardson present Elsie's various griefs and Stevens's failures to make contact with her that the reader expects the marriage to collapse at any moment. It is only when Stevens, near death from cancer, is shown taking care of his wife after her stroke that we fully realize that Miss Richardson has let her empathy with Elsie warp the story she meant to tell, and made a distant husband with a difficult wife seem like a monster with his victim.

Once she has reported Stevens's death, however, she spares not a word more for wife or daughter. For it is Stevens whom Miss Richardson really loves, and whom (though she speaks in a calmer tone about him) she distorts as lovers do.

When she talks about Stevens's poetry, she is at her best. She shows how he picked up from his mother the habit of jumping chaotically from idea to idea, first in letters, and later in his poetry. She demonstrates how knowing what was happening to Stevens at the time he wrote a particular poem can almost always make the poem clearer.

At the beginning of *The Later Years*, she performs a brilliant exegesis of "Sea Surface Full of Clouds"—apparently a landscape poem, describing "that November off Tehuantepec" in five different ways, but really a tribute to the vacation trip on which the Stevenses' daughter was conceived. While John Crowe Ransom was celebrating "Sea Surface" as a perfect example of "pure poetry," Elsie was complaining to her husband that it revealed too much about their private life. As Miss Richardson, quoting from the poem, explains,

> Spooning and crooning one night when the "slopping of the sea grew still," Wallace and Elsie, like "the sea / And heaven rolled as one and from the two / Came fresh transfigurings of freshest blue." . . . For her, who had experienced with him what had happened "In that November off Tehuantepec," the "true subject" was blatant. She could not know that others could not see it through the beautiful "poetry of the subject" he had woven. No wonder she accused him of "adulteries," of betrayal.

Joan Richardson's description of Stevens's last years and her exegesis of the poetry of those years is also brilliant and compelling. But no one is always at her best. Miss Richardson has been a scholar for a long time, and she sometimes writes like this: "In 'A Golden Woman in a Silver Mirror' —a brilliant figure for the secondary perfection of the imperfection of the poems he now composed as reflected against his intention—he masterfully pointed to his weakness."

Worse, she describes Stevens's quest for the "supreme fiction"—a myth that could substitute for the old Biblical certitudes and satisfy even people who knew it was not true—without any of the humor or humility Stevens brought to his search. He titled a twenty-line poem, "How to Live. What to Do."

Mr. Rawley is a graduate student at the University of California, Riverside.

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That was a joke, of course. Miss Richardson quotes the title at least twenty times, always with the implication that Stevens was seriously on the track of a solution to these problems. In fact, he recorded in a letter that he wrote at night while tired from work and that he was "at best an erratic and inconsequential thinker." Miss Richardson summarizes his speculations with the vague reverence of a religious adept, implying at one point that if more people understood Stevens's "Notes toward a Supreme Fiction," it would be impossible for another Hitler to arise. Immediately afterward, she writes, "One could spend, and many have spent, countless hours and pages explicating 'Notes toward a Supreme Fiction.' . . . It is a noble exercise, though it never really goes anywhere, and that is precisely the point."

The point is that sometimes Miss Richardson's emotional exaltation leads her to write nonsense. But what is done out of love occurs beyond good and bad writing. Readers who finish this book, which is crisper and more interesting than Miss Richardson's volume on Stevens's early years, will understand Wallace Stevens better than they have ever done before. □

FILM

IN DOUBLE FOCUS

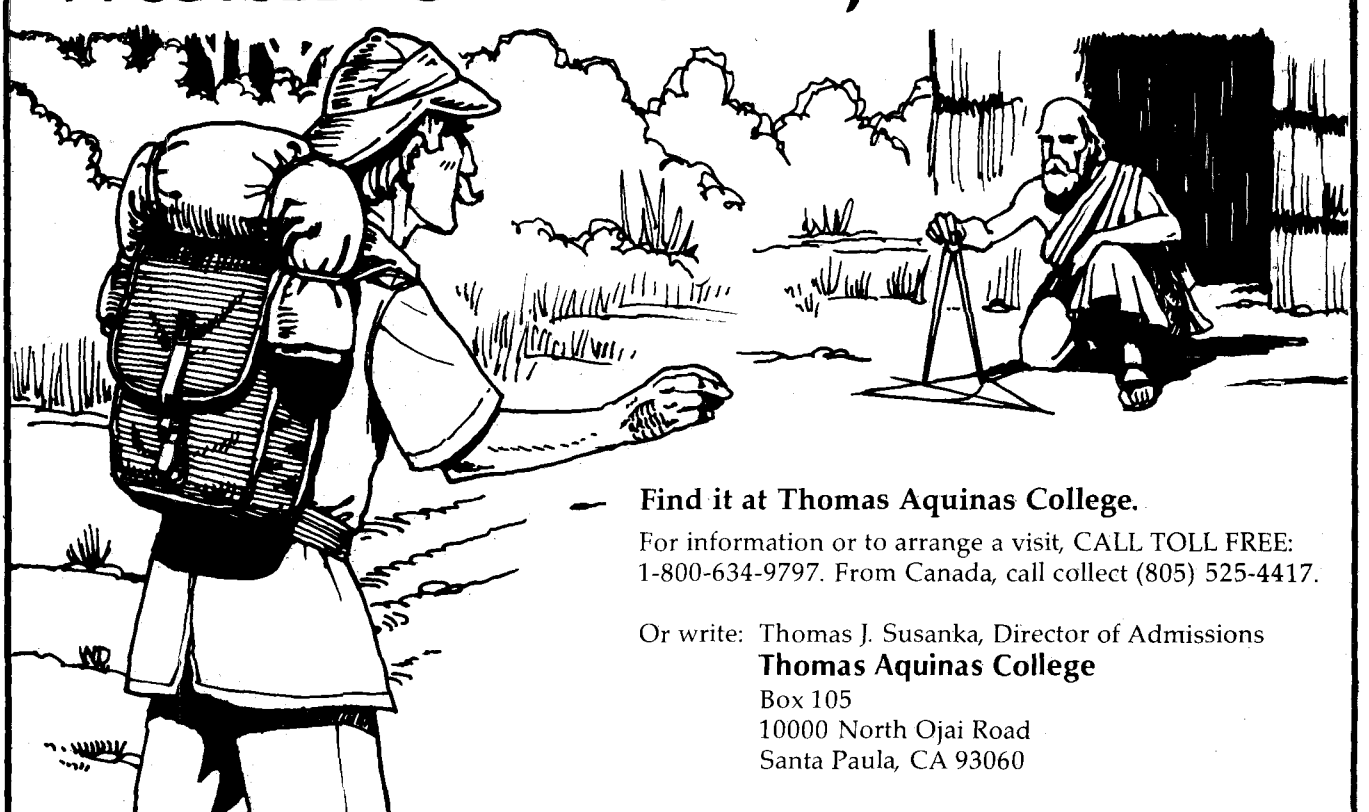
John Simon

WITH *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*, Fred Schepisi had proved himself one of the most startlingly new directors since the New Wave. Leaving Australia for America, he floundered a bit (although *Barbarosa* was not without interest), but with *A Cry in the Dark*, he emerges as both a master of his medium and the kind of artist almost unknown these days: a true humanist, who would save mankind from itself. Hopeless as his hope may be, he has the artistry and endurance to give it a living and lasting form.

The film is the true story of an Australian Seventh-Day Adventist pastor and his wife, Michael and Lindy Chamberlain, who, with their two little boys and baby girl, were vacationing at Ayers Rock in 1980. At a moonlight barbecue with another couple at their campsite, the Chamberlains heard a cry from their tent, where the younger boy and baby Azaria were sleeping. Lindy hurried back; glimpsed a dingo (a wild Australian dog) rushing out and vanishing into the wilderness; found some blood but no baby in the tent. A search by campers, aborigines living nearby, and, eventually, police yielded no more than some dingo footprints near the tent. An inquest totally exculpated the Chamberlains.

Much later, Azaria's clothes were found in the wilds, torn, bloodied, and neatly folded (clearly because their stupid discoverer put them back that way), although a knitted jacket was missing. Testimony by questionable forensic experts and the belief that a dingo could not carry so heavy a load that far (the aborigines knew better) caused the reopening of the case: Lin-

Western Civilization, I Presume?



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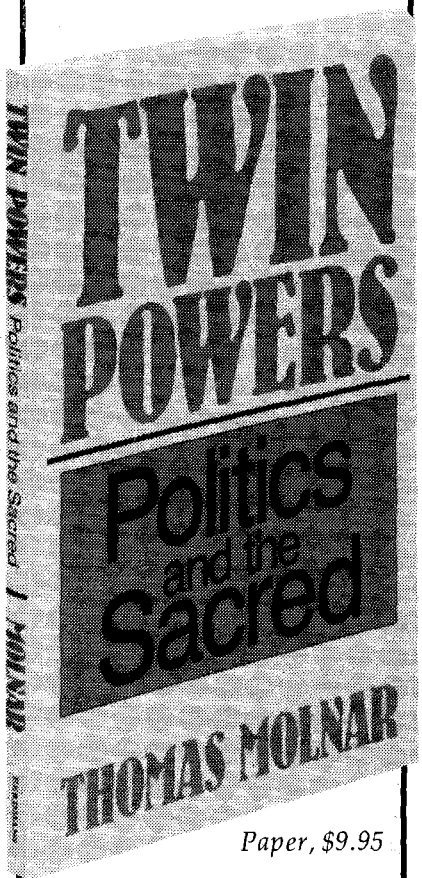

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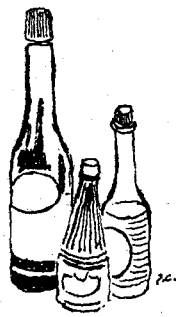
dy was charged with murder, Michael with being an accessory after the fact. All of Australia was agog as over no previous trial. Despite a patently sympathetic judge, the couple, who were tried as much by the media and the public as by the jury, were found guilty. Lindy was sentenced to life, Michael was given a suspended sentence, so as to be able to take care of the boys and a new girl baby, born in prison and snatched from her mother despite a petition to let her keep the child for a while.

Three and a half years later, when further evidence came to light, Lindy was released; but only last September did a high court clear the Chamberlains of all charges. They still have to convince many of their fellow countrymen of their innocence. The reason they persist in trying is encapsulated in the film's last line, which Schepisi shoots brilliantly, and which may be the most haunting utterance with which any movie ever left us; I leave you to discover it for yourselves.



The prosecution never tried to establish a motive for child murder in this manifestly close-knit, child-loving family. The unstated implication (it was voiced abundantly in cross-country gossip) was some bizarre rite of human sacrifice demanded by the Adventist Church. The principal reasons for the verdict were hatred for a little-known, fundamentalist religion; the seeming imperturbability of the couple and their willingness to discuss the case on TV and in the press; the popularity of the dingo as a national mascot; and various forms of legal incompetence, though not on the part of the judge, who clearly considered Lindy innocent. And, of course, encompassing everything, human stupidity and malevolence.

The Chamberlains, however hurt and grieving, believed in the will of God—even though, eventually, Michael lost his faith and gave up the ministry, as the film wrenchingly shows. Lindy and her Bible remained inseparable. Such faith strikes people nowadays as alien and suspect; Aussies were giving credence to a rumor that the very name Azaria meant "sacrifice to God." The media first conned the Chamberlains into cooperating under the pretext of helping the search for the baby; later, these victims of yellow journalism thought they could use the media for their vindication, a procedure for which the media have extraordinarily little stomach. Dingos, of course, are wild beasts, despite their lovable aspect; and that Lindy is not a warmly effusive woman, that she showed remarkable toughness under questioning, that she did not cry much at her trial, should hardly constitute evidence of guilt.

What is masterly about the film is that, in a mere two hours, the screenplay by Schepisi and Robert Caswell manages to touch upon any number of private and public aspects of this tragedy, which is both that of unjustly suffering individuals and that of mass hysteria and general benightedness. Schepisi ingeniously keeps the story in double focus: both on how it felt to those enmeshed in it, and on how it looked to the media, the police, the outsiders. He keeps inserting tiny vignettes showing how diverse people in a great variety of situations reacted to the case—mostly obtusely, and often obscenely. At the same time, having instructed every actor to enact his character as if motivated by the best of faiths, Schepisi was able to portray honest but horrible human stupidity with unsurpassable sharpness.

Aside from a hair-raising story, rivetingly told, there is—inconspicuous, and all the more affecting for it—Schepisi's superb technique. You have to be two persons watching this film: one for the plot and dialogue, the other for the sovereign cinematic know-how. I solved the problem by seeing the film twice. The camera placements and movements could serve as exemplars for any film course. Thus helicopter shots from a nose-mounted camera immerse us in the principal locations on the run, as it were; wide-angle lenses keep straining to catch more, more searchingly, more bewilderingly. For bewilderment is of the essence here. Even the cogent alternation of close-ups and long or extreme long shots serves to evoke bewilderment on both intimate and public levels: we keep shuttling between the puzzled and anguished protagonist couple and the, with rare exceptions, unfeeling or hostile cast of millions.

How imaginatively, for example, Schepisi and his gifted longtime collab-

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orator, the cinematographer Ian Baker, use Ayers Rock, that awesome monolith, as a visual refrain and emotional leitmotif. Often between what might be called acts of the drama, in harsh light or falling dusk, the camera flies furiously toward that natural wonder: holy to the aborigines, unholy to the Chamberlains' detractors, a Mecca for tourists, and a memento of horror for the parents. It is as if the latters' consciousness, their inner eyes, were irresistibly drawn to that cynosure; ironically, cynosure is Greek for dog's tail, or the rear view of a dingo heading for the dark. Or consider how magisterially shots of Azaria and of the dingo bursting from the nocturnal tent (was there or was there not a baby in its maw?) are intercut with the sequence of Lindy under cross-examination: the counterpoint of speed and stasis, of night and courtroom glare, objectifies the assault on her by the D.A. from without and by her memory from within.

Particularly subtle, often almost subliminal, is the recording of the tribulations and final triumph of conjugal love under trials greater than a mere tribunal—even one disposing over life and death—can inflict. The incisiveness of these scenes owes a lot to the performances. Sam Neill's is a vivid embodiment of Michael's mixed emotions toward God, wife, and mankind: of befuddlement, bitterness, and severely shaken but unshattered endurance. Even more astonishing is Meryl Streep's Lindy, not least for mastery of a difficult accent, but most for making this well-nigh granitic woman sympathetic without resorting to any sympathy-stealing device, despite plentiful opportunity to do so. As she proved in *Ironweed*, Miss Streep is of all our leading ladies the least vain about her appearance; here, even more touchingly, she conveys the depredations of inner anguish on outer comeliness. But by never visibly trying to move us, she moves us all the more.

To cover vast ground, the film must rocket forward; this, with all the often complex details and (to our ears) outlandish accents, makes it hard, though not impossible, to follow. But with such a director, such principals, and such a supporting cast—no one among these scores of people displays an iota of actorishness—the rewards for concentration are lavish. Consider the masterly way in which Schepisi con-

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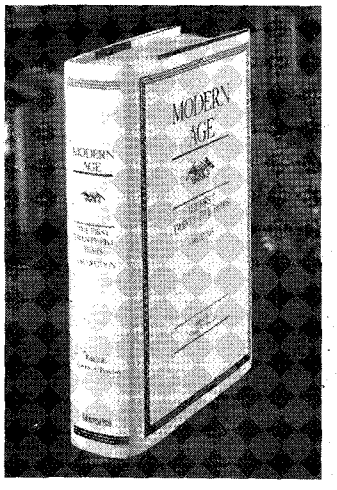

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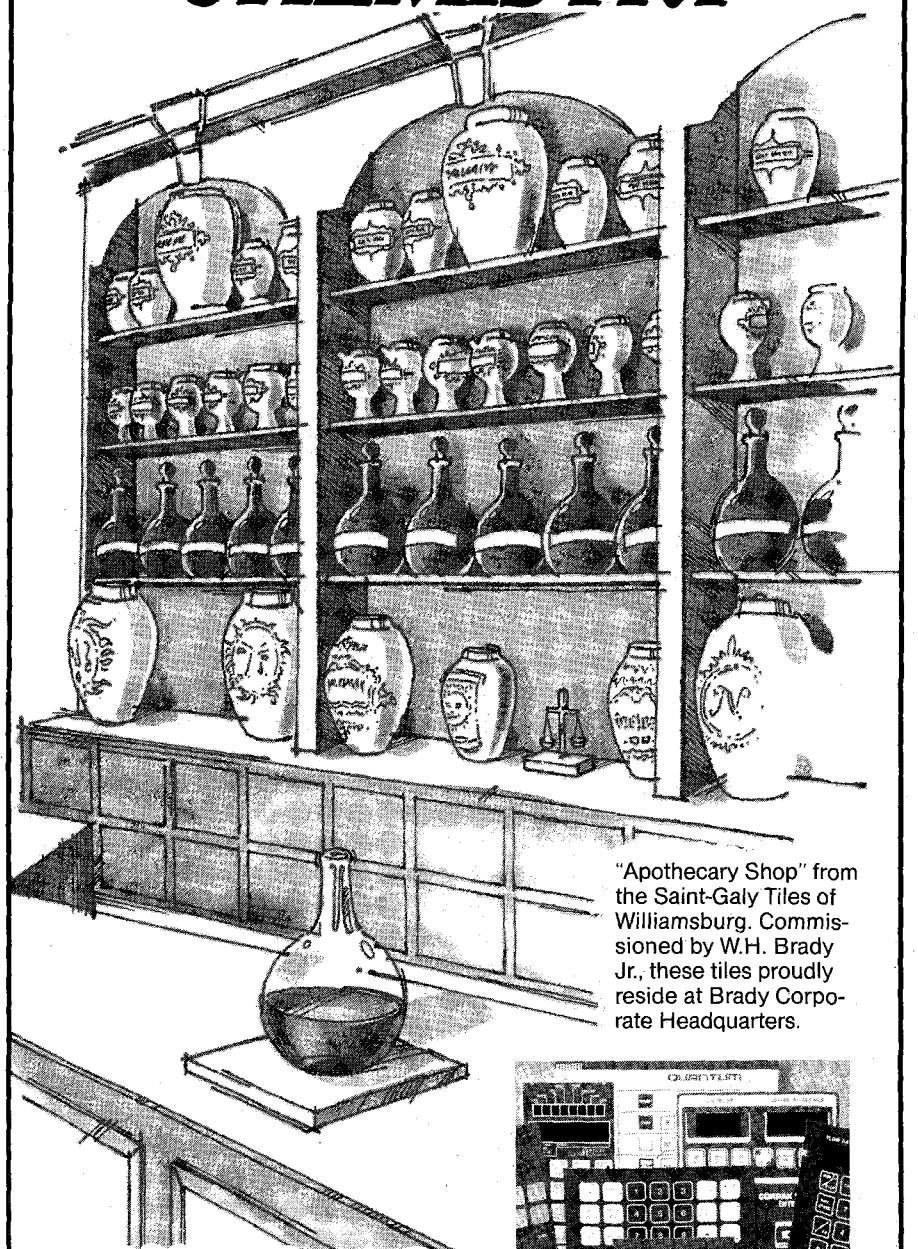

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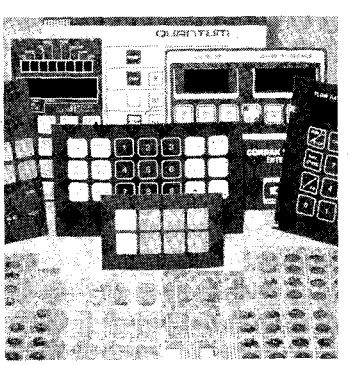

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veys chaos in the crowd scenes, how the submersion of the principals in the multitude, the heterogeneous concurrent actions, the Draconianly cut short takes fitted together with a soupçon of disjointedness allow confusion to make its masterpiece. And notice how the camera will move in the opposite direction from the actors to crystallize the *dépaysement*.

No less fine is the technique in the private scenes: Lindy and Michael talking to each other stiffly, fumblingly across a room, or casually from one room to another. Or there will be one-liners delivered on the wing by someone flitting by, or shots so briefly held that their impact registers on top of that of the next sequence, or kinetic balances where a camera movement from left to right is complemented by one from right to left. How much, for instance, is told by a tight shot of two hands failing to clutch each other as Michael rejects Lindy, contrasted with a later one where they are defiantly clasped.

What to me, as an unbeliever, is particularly eye-opening is the variety of roles religion plays in this movie. For *A Cry in the Dark* is, among many other things, one of the most transcendent religious films since *Monsieur Vincent* and *God Needs Men*, which is saying a lot. □

SOUND ON DISC

STRAVINSKY, BEETHOVEN, & OTHERS

Ralph de Toledano

THAT IGOR STRAVINSKY is the musical titan of much of the twentieth century is an easily arguable proposition. For this foursquare man in his foursquare horned-rims summed up in a highly disciplined *œuvre* the undisciplined *Geist* of his times. *Le Sacre du Printemps*, *Petrushka*, and *The Firebird* are now so solidly ensconced in the orchestral repertory that we ask ourselves what the riotous *tohubohu* was all about when they were first played in Paris.

For decades we have demanded to know who the best conductors of these and other Stravinskiana are. I am not alone in nominating Stravinsky for this

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distinction—I cite an old review by Virgil Thomson, who noted of the composer's conducting that his "rhythm was precise, his tonal texture dry, the expressivity complete . . . because only [thus] can the Stravinskian pathos be made to vibrate or the Stravinskian tenderness to glow."

Vibrate and glow they do in *Stravinsky Conducts Stravinsky* (CBS MK 42432), a CD reissue of *The Firebird* and three important transitional works: *Scherzo à la Russe*, *Feu d'Artifice*, and *Scherzo Fantastique*. These earlier works are not often heard, but they point more accurately than, say, the *Sacre* to the direction in which the young Stravinsky would move.

There are some, I suspect, who will prefer the *panache* and *brio* of Pierre Boulez's rendition of *Le Sacre* with the fine Cleveland Orchestra (CBS CD MYK 37764). It is wonderful theater, and just the thing if you have been overexposed to this Rite. There will be, I also suspect, debate over a new recording of *L'histoire du soldat*, Stravinsky's charming evocation of a Faustian legend cast in far less heroic terms than those of Marlowe or Goethe. For many years I have been partial to an old Vox recording, done in the original French and distinguished by impeccable musical and linguistic diction. But there is much to commend in *A Soldier's Tale* (CD & LP Pangea PAND 6233), which has been faithfully Englished and coolly performed, with Vanessa Redgrave—perhaps at the demand of Women's Lib—transcending sexual barriers to play the Devil, and playing him/her very well.

☐ The Smithsonian Institution, which has given us much of excellence in both its classical and its jazz productions, has packaged some exemplary Beethoven on CD (CD 2077), played on original instruments and (for the orchestral presentations) by orchestras of original size. Here are Symphonies No. 1, 2, and 3 (the first two of which we do not hear as often as No. 3, the *Eroica*) as Beethoven conceived and heard them, rather than as overblown by modern orchestras in modern concert halls with overzealous conductors. The Smithsonian Chamber Orchestra under Jaap Schroder gives us instead the unfolding of scores in which both inner voices and musical constructs are finely delineated.

I have written in the past, particularly in my reviews of Paul Badura-Skoda's great Beethoven performances, of the superiority of the fortepiano over the modern pianoforte in the playing of earlier music. I hope you will discover this in two piano-and-cello Beethoven sonatas from Opus 5. The necessary balance between bowed and struck notes is achieved by James Weaver and Kenneth Slowik—a most difficult task, if not an impossible one, with today's concert grand. And six early string quartets (Opus 18)—written before Beethoven began to tear apart and put back together that difficult musical vehicle—are warmly and sensitively traversed by the Smithsonian String Quartet.

☐ The symphonies of Anton Bruckner, rich and sometimes turgid but always packed full of a sense of man's fate, are a monument to the decline of the West as it approached its apocalypse in 1914. But in Bruckner's Seventh the vibrant warmth of the opening gives way to a beautiful cello theme, which fulfills the promise that has made this symphony the most beloved of his nine. It has been called "a miracle of thematic interconnections and the rarest and most stirring sonorities"—and these are all wonderfully explored by Sir Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony (London CD 417631-2). It is, without imposing a program, an expression and a summation of faith, and the apotheosis of Bruckner's genius. This recording ranks among the very best of the year.

☐ Recommended highly is Mozart's Great Mass in C Minor as recorded on period instruments by John Eliot Gardiner, the English Baroque Soloists, and the Monteverdi Choir (Philips CD 420 210-2). This finest of Mozart's liturgical compositions includes an *Et Incarnatus Est* that is one of the most beautiful and affecting passages in religious music. The finest recording of the Great Mass, by the Haydn Society, has been out of print for lo! these many years, but the Gardiner recording approaches it, and is decidedly superior to the authoritarian von Karajan CD version.

I have commented in the past on the superlative LP recordings of the five Mozart violin concertos by Isaac Stern. These have now been reissued on CD (*Mozart Violin Concertos, Complete*—CBS M2K 42494) with Nos. 1, 3, and 5 conducted by George Szell

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and the others by Alexander Schneider. The advantages of CD over LP as a recording medium are clearly apparent in this transfer from one to the other; the new version definitively expresses Stern's mastery both of his instrument and of the scores.

☐ *De torrente in via bibet*, the voices sing in Handel's *Dixit Dominus*—and so he did of the great masters of Italian choral writing. To them, he added his own magnificence and luster—and this has been extracted in an opulent yet disciplined reading of the work, and of his *Laudate, pueri, Dominum*, by Stephen Cleobury, leading the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, and the English Chamber Orchestra (London CD 421 294-2). But you will find much more of the surge to God in the Mozart Great Mass—or in Bruckner's Seventh, for that matter—than in these mannered celebrations. They are secular, as so much of the Italianate Baroque is, reaching outward rather than upward. ☐

TAYLOR

(Continued from page 42)

Actually, when the dust has settled, I don't think we will see this as an

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"EVERYONE KNOWS," Edmund Burke stated in his "Speech on Conciliation with America," delivered in the House of Commons on March 22, 1775, "that the Roman Catholic religion is at least coeval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favor and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England too was formed from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers of the world; and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitting assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion." That, succinctly stated, is the thesis of Benjamin Hart's *Faith & Freedom: The Christian Roots of American Liberty* (Lewis and Stanley Publishers, P.O. Box 790609, Dallas, Tex. 75379-0609; $18.95), a gracefully written, skillfully developed, and strongly argued attack on the contemporary wisdom, which holds that America (meaning the United States) was "invented," to use Garry Wills's phrase, according to specifications derived from the rationalist principles of the Enlightenment. Replying to the purveyors of this wisdom, who believe that this country fulfills its true promise to the degree that it succeeds in becoming a militantly secularist society, Hart argues that the men who founded this country were "firmly convinced that liberty was essential to happiness and prosperity in this world; that constitutional government was essential to liberty; that the preservation of both was contingent on Christian morality informing both voters and leaders; and that Christian morality could not long stand without firm faith in Christ."

"Separation of church and state," Mr. Hart reminds us, "was not a reaction against religion, but a reaction against the state." The seeds of that idea, he believes, are discoverable in apostolic Christianity, where no basis is given (in his opinion) for any kind of institutional church: "That Christ intended to establish a formal universal church structure seems at best doubtful . . . Obviously, Christ, as God, had the power to compel belief if He had so desired. The fact that He chose preaching as the means of spreading faith, and implored His followers to do the same, suggests the nature of the church He had in mind."

Here, Hart believes, is the germ of the central Puritan insight: "that the spirit of freedom and the spirit of Christianity reinforced each other." For Hart, Christ's church set its foot on the wrong path (or had it set there for it) following Constantine's conversion and the elevation of Christianity to a state religion. With "Augustine's mistake," by which secular government was entrusted to compel faith, and the onset of the Dark Ages, distinguished by their obeisance to the Roman bishopric and the formulation of the divine right of kingship, adherence to that path was confirmed for centuries to come. In a remarkably fast-paced account, Hart describes the development of a Protestant reaction to history, which includes the theological dissent by John Wycliffe ("Father of American Dissent") and the Lollards, the rise of the Puritan movement in England, the founding of the New England colonies by English dissenters, the evolution of the colonists' case for independence, and the events that culminated in the devising of a United States Constitution—through all of which he never once drops the threads of his argument, whose burden is that "Christian and democratic institutions are compatible" and probably even necessary to one another's existence. The institutional pattern set by Congregationalism in New England became the model first for local government, then for the New England confederation, next for the United States under the Articles of Confederation, and finally for the mature federalist system devised by the Constitutional Convention. All of it, Hart believes, is ultimately traceable to the relationship between man and his God mandated by Scripture and the apostolic church.

Clearly, this is a very Protestant book—perhaps too Protestant, leading to what I see as a fracture in the pediment of its logic. Mr. Hart treats the Roman Catholic Church as another human institution, when it believes itself to be a divine one, the Body of Christ in fact. Mere human logic cannot fathom why man's knowledge of government should not be analogous to his knowledge of God; and the fact of Protestantism's having its justifiable counterpart in political and historical development is irrelevant to its claim to a similar one in the development over time of theological doctrine. In this respect, it is correct to say that, while America was not engendered by Enlightenment ideas, it *is* a product of ideas that later gave rise to the Enlightenment—which of course is to concede nothing to the Norman Lears of this world. ☐

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unusually nasty campaign. Neither candidate had a feeling for the jugular. Americans like to recall, with admiration, Harry Truman's come-from-behind upset victory in 1948, but his campaign was much rougher. He compared Dewey to Hitler and Mussolini.

Truman's contemporaries would have been amazed by the verdict of most historians that he was one of the best Presidents. We should never forget the wisdom of Speaker Reed's remark that "a statesman is a dead politician." Whatever his contemporaries may feel about President Bush in the heat and dust of battle, history may be kind to him also.

Apart from the "negative campaign," much has also been made in this election of the voters' desire for checks and balances, for having the White House and the Congress controlled by opposing parties. It is true that, by 34 to 24 per cent, more voters thought it was good, rather than bad, "for the country to have a President of one party and Congress controlled by the other party," while 42 per cent thought it would make no difference or were not sure. But to infer from this that voters deliberately split their tickets to create such division is to credit them with extraordinary subtlety. A more plausible explanation is that votes are cast for individual candidates regardless of ideologies or parties. Indeed, if historical definitions of parties are used, we no longer have parties.

If negative advertising is a threat to American democracy, the power of incumbency is worse. Unless damaged by scandal like Swindell and St Germain, incumbent Representatives enjoy almost total job security. Believe it or not, the British House of Lords now has a higher turnover than the House of Representatives.

What, then, do the election results as a whole mean for the future?

Most successful Presidents have been able to use their popularity to appeal to the public over the heads of Congress, to coerce congressmen to support their programs. It's hard to imagine Bush doing that successfully. We will learn just how good an arm-twister he is. But this will be no imperial Presidency, and it may be a weak one.

However, Bush knows Washington, he is liked personally by many Democrats, and he has a reputation for choosing good people (Quayle apart). The Republican Right—those who supported Jack Kemp or Pat Robertson and who hated Jim Baker's moderating influence in the White House—have never quite believed in George Bush's conversion to Reaganism. The rest of the world, however, can take comfort from the fact that the new President and Secretary of State will not need on-the-job training.

With a little luck, Bush will have a six-month honeymoon. It began on election night, with Dukakis's gracious concession speech and Bush's stated desire to be President of all the people. The quadrennial American ritual of undoing the divisiveness of the election, of binding up the wounds of defeat, has already begun. There is a lot of tough talk from the Democratic-controlled Congress at present, but even a self-confident Democratic Congress will want to wait until the middle of 1989 before directly challenging the new President. □

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ELLSWORTH
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EMBREE
EMBR(E)Y
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ENSIGN
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ERSKINE
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ESTABROOK(S)
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EUBANK
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EVANS
EVERARD
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EVERHART
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EWER(S)
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FAIRBANK(S)
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HEADLEY
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HENDERSON
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HERRICK
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HEYMAN
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HUME(S)
HUMPHREY(S)
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HUNTINGTON
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HUSBAND(S)
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HUTCHE(R)SON
HUTCHIN(G)S
HUTCH(I)NSON
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HUTTON
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IDE

INGALL(S)
INGE
INGERSOLL
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IRELAND
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IRVIN(E)
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IRWIN
ISAAC(S)
ISBELL
ISHAM
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IV(E)Y
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JACKMAN
JACK(S)
JACKSON
JACOB(S)
JACQUES
JAEGER
JAMES
JAM(I)E)SON
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JAQUES
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JAY(E)
JEFF(E)RIES
JEFFERSON
JEFFERY(S)
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JEN(C)K(E)S
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JULIAN
JULIEN
JUSTICE
KA(I)N(E)
KAISER
KARL
KATES
KAVANA(U)GH
KAY(E)
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KEY(E)
KEY(E)S
KEYSER
KIDD
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KILB(U)RN(E)
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KIRKWOOD
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KNICKERBOCKER
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KRAUSE
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LILL(E)Y
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LINCOLN
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LINK(E)
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LITCHFIELD
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LLEWELLYN
LLOYD
LOCK(E)
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LOCKHART
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LOGAN
LOHMAN(N)
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LOVEJOY
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LOW(E)
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LOWR(E)Y
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LUKEN(S)
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LYFORD
LYLE(S)
LYMAN
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MAAS
MABEE
MABIE
MABR(E)Y
M(A)CARTHUR
MACAULAY
M(A)CCLINTOCK
M(A)CCORKLE
M(A)CDONALD
M(A)DOUGAL(L)
M(A)CFADDEN
M(A)CFARLAND
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M(A)CGREGOR
MAC(I)E
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M(A)CKENZIE
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M(A)CMAHON
M(A)CMANUS
M(A)CMILLAN
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M(A)CMURRAY
M(A)CNAB(B)
M(A)CNAMARA
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M(A)CPHERSON
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MALL(E)T(T)(E)
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MANCHESTER
MANDEVILLE
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MAPLE(S)
MAR(A)BLE
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MAXCY
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MACFIELD
MAX(S)ON
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MCADAM(S)
MCAFEE
MCALLISTER
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MEREDITH
MER(R)IAM
MERRICK
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MESSENGER
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METCALF(E)
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MICHAEL
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MIDDLETON
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NESBIT
NETTLETON
NEUMAN
NEVILLE
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NEWBERRY
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NEWKIRK
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NEWMAN
NEWTON
NICHOLAS
NICHOL(L)S
NICHOLSON
NICKERSON
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NORMAN
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NORTHRUP
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NORWOOD
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NOTTINGHAM
NOWELL
NOYES
NUGENT
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O'LEARY
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O'SULLIVAN
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OGDEN
OGILVIE
OGLE
OGLESBY
OLCOTT
OLDHAM
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BUSH v. DUKAKIS

NEW YORK, NOV. 9

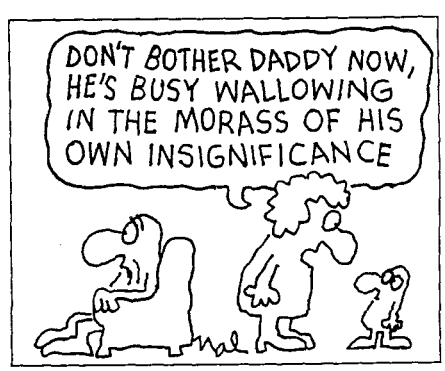
THE CAPITULATION speeches were revealing, though perhaps it is not fair to examine clinically statements uttered under such emotional stress. One recalls the meanderings of Richard Nixon when he bade goodbye to his staff in August 1974, en route to Coventry. His verbal behavior on that occasion casts doubt on Dr. Johnson's proposition that the certainty that one will be hanged in a fortnight concentrates the mind wonderfully.

Mr. Dukakis's mind was not concentrated. He said the usual things generously about George Bush and then began his stump catalogue of grievances against America. He hurt for the man in Levittown who could not buy his house, the student in Los Angeles who could not go to college, the steelworker in Indiana who had lost his job, the grandmother who found herself living next to a toxic waste dump—we *all* but reached the *kid* who didn't win the Boston Marathon. An audience is indulgent in moments of great pain. But less than a minute or two after Mr. Dukakis had made his exit from the national scene the networks went to Jesse Jackson, and he was there saying substantially the same thing.

Since Mr. Jackson was not a presidential candidate suffering a great personal trauma, one could listen to what he said a little more critically. He began with the usual denunciation of our huge budget deficit, and then he said something quite extraordinary. The routine thing among idealistic politicians has been to say that most Americans would not object to a moderate surtax in order to reduce the deficit. Well, Jesse Jackson said that most Republicans would not object to an increased tax provided they could know that it would go into increasing the "health" of the nation. To provide day care, to provide prenatal care, to help the old and infirm. . . . There is no item in the catalogue of Mr. Jackson, as there is none in the catalogue of Michael Dukakis, that does not earn human sympathy. But what Jesse Jackson exactly accomplished was to validate the Republican claim that if another dollar were collected in taxes, it would not go to reducing the deficit but rather to expanding the budget. Jackson let it all hang out there, plain for all to see.

Yet the exercise—Dukakis plus Jackson—reminds one of the organic advantages of the Democratic Party. Its job, when facing all of America, reduces to drawing attention to all those in America whose material or for that matter spiritual situation might be better under other circumstances. The example of this carried to a self-defeating extreme is the matter of the minimum wage: Jesse Jackson gave as one of the social objectives of Democrats and enlightened Republicans a higher minimum wage. This example is especially useful given that there aren't two qualified economists in the United States who would testify that a higher minimum wage would have other consequences than to penalize the poor and the young. I.e., those whose work, in the marketplace, is not commercially valuable, but who are better off working than not working. The rate of employment of young American blacks is higher under Ronald Reagan than at any other time in the past thirty years. It seems simply not to occur to Messrs. Jackson or Dukakis why this should be so.

Meanwhile, the Republican is left to counter these specific acts of rhetorical philanthropy with generalities. Generalities are perfectly okay: the generality, after all, can have sublime purposes ("All men are created equal . . ."). But a George Bush, accepting the Presidency-designate, can only refer to "high employment," "general prosperity," "the highest percentage of Americans receiving federal help" of some sort or another. Those wave-lapping sounds do not drown out the vivid sounds of the teenager unemployed and illiterate, or, for that matter, the grandmother with the bad luck to have grown up alongside a toxic waste dump.



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I don't think Mr. Bush has coined a natural vocabulary to deal with that heavy rhetorical disadvantage. This is not to slight his talent: no one, really, has come up with an answer to what Joseph Sobran calls the search—always fruitful—for a politics of victimization. There will always be those who, relative to others, suffer; and those who believe that the relief of their suffering should be the targeted objective of federal politics.

Instead, Mr. Bush gave a graceful talk about how he would seek to serve all the people as President, how he would reassure those who voted for him, and seek to reassure those who did not. We will have a little lull now. But Mr. Bush had better move quickly, because the gang he just finished beating will not forgive him for doing so. □

ON THE L-WORD BUSINESS

NEW YORK, NOV. 2

PEOPLE HERE and there—from students to senior citizens—who have not taken time from honest toil to inquire into questions of political taxonomy are suddenly caught up by all this talk of "the L word." Many of them suspect that it is a fresh pornographic word and can't stand it that they don't know what it is, sort of like not being one of the boys.

Well, it all became too much, and on October 26 the A Team took an entire page in the *New York Times*, under the title, A REAFFIRMATION OF PRINCIPLE. They proceeded to defend the L word, spelling it right out, without any *ster*sks, which might have been more appropriate for a family paper. But the *Times* has changed its policy and once or twice has permitted a four-letter word, where a substitute could not be found. And so, lacking any substitute for this word, they authorized its appearance in full: l-i-b-e-r-a-l-i-s-m.

Yes, the ad was a reaffirmation of the virtues of liberalism. It was signed by forty or fifty worthies, whose political inclinations are suggested merely by naming three of them: John Kenneth Galbraith, George F. Kennan, and Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. Respectively, one socialist, one unilateral-

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disarmament hound, and one left-of-center partisan on any issue save any issue on which any Kennedy is right of center.

The Reaffirmation begins by telling the readers that everything good that happened two hundred years ago was a reflection of the spirit of liberalism. "At our country's founding, the spirit of liberalism suffused the Revolution, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights." Yawp. But the spirit of liberalism was very different in those days. The revolution was against the powers of an alien government, which government imposed on the colonies much less heavily than today's government imposes on the fifty states. The Constitution was primarily a list of what the government could not do, which list has been largely negated by liberal legislation and inventive judicial rulings during the past century. The Bill of Rights, under modern liberalism, contracted to eliminate entirely the Ninth and Tenth Amendments, which were supposed to shield the citizen from federal authority except as specifically granted by the Constitution.

But to understand what kind of games these gentlemen are playing, we should remind ourselves that Woodrow Wilson, writing as a college professor, generalized back in 1885 that the history of liberalism was the history of man's efforts to restrain the growth of government. The history of the kind of liberalism associated with the L word is best described as the history of government's trying to do everything. The philosopher George Santayana caught this shift in the meaning of the word back in 1917, when he wrote that the only thing the modern liberal was interested in liberating was man from his marriage contract.

But our L friends really show no shame. Their "reaffirmation" contains the following sentence: "Liberalism . . . has opposed tyranny in all forms, past and present." Ask the boat people how safe it was to rely on the opposition to tyranny of Messrs. Galbraith, Kennan, and Schlesinger. The boat people in the Pacific, or the boat people off Cuba. You will get the same answer.

When Barry Goldwater ran for President in 1964 his political manual was a book called *The Conscience of a Conservative.* He was very decisively defeated, and after that defeat historian Arthur Schlesinger trumpeted the absolute irrelevance of conservatism, this atavistic rejection of liberalism. A few years earlier, I had published a book called, appropriately, *Up from Liberalism.* It got the same treatment, from the same people. But Senator Goldwater's movement caught the fancy of Ronald Reagan, who led the political movement backed intellectually by such journals as *The Public Interest*, *Commentary*, and NATIONAL REVIEW, and by such organizations as the Hoover Institution, the Heritage Foundation, the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, and the Philadelphia Society, to mention only a few.

Now, we conservatives are a tolerant lot, and we have no intention of outlawing the use of the L word. Children should be taught about it at an early age, preferably under supervision. The books of Messrs. Galbraith, Kennan, and Schlesinger should be carefully preserved, put if necessary in time capsules, along with copies of the Townsend Plan, the Ham 'n' Eggs movement, and the by-laws of Brook Farm. And when the topic is brought up, at lunch or over cocktails, don't be rude. Just smile, and change the subject. □

GRAFT, CORRUPTION, AND DEMOCRACY

NEW YORK, NOV. 4

LAST WEEK'S issue of *Time* magazine featured the life and gruesome death of "Kiki" Camarena, a front-line agent of the Drug Enforcement Administration whose beat was Mexico, and whose mission was to identify and bring to justice the drug barons there. On the cosmic scale, what happened to Camarena is footnote material —he was one more victim of the drug merchants' killer class. He was picked up and tortured brutally (his killers wanted to get from him the names and addresses of the DEA's informants). The big story—what put Kiki on the cover of *Time*—is the revelations about Mexico. It is perhaps an exaggeration to say that law enforcement in Mexico is a housepet of the drug merchants, but not much of an exaggeration. The Camarena story takes you to the doorstep of Mexico's Minister of Defense.

In Mexico one lives with a culture in which graft is workaday stuff: an outgoing president is routinely expected to take with him a billion dollars or so. The bribe to the local policeman of a few pesos per week to do what he is supposed to do anyway has been routine since their revolution (and perhaps before). But the bribery employed by the drug barons is something else again. A police official bribed to kill or to prevent the detection of a killer might be paid a lifetime's salary for his services. Against such temptations even sterner cultures get shaky at the knees, which is why we read about the corruption that drug trafficking is bringing in those major access points to the American drug market: Miami, New York, El Paso, Laredo.

The difficulty in resisting graft is a matter of social concern. A prudent society will take into account the factor of temptation and, by a combination of carrot and stick, attempt to inhibit the virus. When we say the Lord's Prayer, we pray: "Lead us not into temptation"; and the Christian is urged to remove himself from "occasions of sin." The carrot, for the law-enforcement agent, is a decent salary; the stick, years in prison if detected and convicted—as happened to a half-dozen congressmen in a sting operation a few years ago.

Now it pays to reflect on the subtle difference between graft and corruption, to which the late Herman Kahn brought our attention. Graft becomes corruption when one crosses the threshold between preferential treatment and unlawful treatment. If it will take three months before your turn comes up to take a test for a driver's license, and so you slip the clerk a twenty-dollar bill and he gives you an appointment for the next day, then graft will have taken place. If you can't pass the vision test for a driver's license, and so you slip the inspector one hundred dollars and he validates your vision as normal, corruption has happened. Which of the two is it when a voter and an office holder do business in present-day America?

In most cases, it does not come up. Those voters who are moved primarily by whether the United States should or should not engage the Sandinistas in Nicaragua are in no position to engage in corrupt practices. But there are other examples, a great many others. What about industrialists who seek a protective tariff? The head of a steel company has breakfast with a congressman and quizzes him about a tariff. Depending on what the congressman says, the steel operator will make a token or a hefty contribution to the congressman's campaign. A representative of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee will question a legislator on whether he intends to vote to sell AWACS systems to Saudi Arabia. If no, okay, and perhaps a contribution; if yes, a blackball and such efforts to defeat that congressman as were made to defeat Senator John Chafee in Rhode Island. On a broader spectrum, two candidates debate on whether Social Security receipts should be indexed to take account of increased longevity. The contender believes that the economy would greatly benefit from gradual indexation, so that in 1990, in order to qualify, you would need to be 67 years old, not 65. The man observing the debate will be 65 in 1990: and he votes for the contender who would retain the status quo.

A FORM OF graft? If so, graft is probably written into the mechanics of democracy, and we can only hope that there will be enough voters who transcend narrow political considerations when deciding whom to vote for. In Mexico—and, for that matter, in Miami—graft ascends to corruption and even to murder. But the seeds of graft are spread when the vote is given to any public-office holder in return for a political favor. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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J O A N / B E C K O P T I O N A L E N G L I S H

TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. City in southwest Pennsylvania — J O H N S T O W N
47 127 121 180 10 67 33 145 102

B. Realtor's event (2 words) — O P E N H O U S E
17 140 76 50 143 148 2 108 30

C. Rheumatism — A R T H R I T I S
63 88 120 52 29 9 160 40 169

D. Noted honeymoon locale (2 words) — N I A G A R A F A L L S
151 49 21 87 159 171 74 34 60 114 98 1

E. Hippies' predecessor — B O H É M I A N
131 162 14 56 173 25 70 94

F. Science of selecting perfect parents — E U G E N I C S
138 78 23 144 75 11 170 44

G. Naval officer — C O M M A N D E R
59 82 115 71 164 18 167 99 39

H. Memento — K E E P S A K E
137 69 53 149 128 176 117 4

I. Time of adjustment—especially in Peking — O R I E N T A T I O N
153 57 178 28 135 13 116 41 161 83 73

J. Braids for porky — P I G T A I L S
126 93 105 32 54 168 16 156

K. With hesitation — T I M I D L Y
96 85 35 64 136 132 147

L. Aggressive advances — I N R O A D S
107 61 154 48 79 166 119

M. Immediate prospect — O F F I N G
72 152 90 172 86 19

N. Egyptian queen — N E F E R T I T I
163 15 81 103 3 111 124 27 42

O. Relic — A N T I Q U E
110 22 45 130 77 91 139

P. Fugitive state — L A M
106 134 125

Q. With little effort — E A S I L Y
89 146 66 36 158 6

R. Convention highlight — N O M I N A T I O N
165 97 55 7 175 100 142 155 46 26

S. Healthful bar! — G R A N O L A
95 68 122 37 157 5 112

T. Like Red Riding Hood — L I T T L E
113 58 177 123 80 24

U. Part of the Sunday paper — I N S E R T
174 65 92 133 20 51

V. University named for a cowboy hat — S T E T S O N
129 84 118 8 141 38 104

W. Cowboys — H O R S E M E N
109 179 101 31 43 62 150 12

1 D S	2 B U	3 N R	4 H E	5 S L	6 Q Y		7 R T	8 V T		9 C I	10 A S		11 F I	12 W N		13 I T	14 E H	15 N E	
16 J L	17 B O	18 G N	19 M G	20 U R	21 D A	22 O N	23 F G	24 T É		25 E I	26 R N	27 N T	28 I É	29 C R	30 B É	31 W S	32 J T		33 A O
34 D F		35 K M	36 Q A	37 S N	38 V O	39 G R	40 C I	41 I T	42 N I	43 W E	44 F S		45 O T	46 R O		47 A J	48 L O	49 D I	50 B N
	51 U T	52 C H	53 H E		54 J A	55 R M	56 E E	57 I R	58 T I	59 C C	60 D A	61 L N		62 W M	63 C A	64 K I	65 U N	66 Q S	67 A T
68 S R	69 H E	70 E A	71 G M		72 M O	73 I N		74 D A	75 F N		76 B É	77 O Q	78 F U	79 L A	80 T L		81 N F	82 G O	83 I O
84 V T	85 K I	86 M N	87 D G		88 C R	89 Q E	90 M F	91 O U	92 U S	93 J I	94 E N	95 S G		96 K T	97 R O		98 D L	99 G É	100R A
101W R	102A N		103N É	104V N	105J G	106P L	107L I	108B S	109W H		110O A	111N T		112S A	113T L	114D L		115G M	116I A
117H K	118V É	119L S		120C T	121A H	122S A	123T T		124N I	125P M	126J P	127A O	128H S	129V S	130O I	131E B	132K L	133U É	
134P A	135I N	136K D		137H K	138F E	139O É	140B P	141V S		142R T	143B H	144F E		145A W	146Q A	147K Y		148B O	149H P
150W E	151D N		152M F	153I O	154L R		155R I	156J S	157S O	158Q L	159D A	160C T	161I I	162E O	163N N		164G A	165R N	166L D
	167G D	168J I	169C S	170F C	171D R	172M I	173E M	174U I	175R N	176H A	177T T	178I I	179W O	180A N					

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 68 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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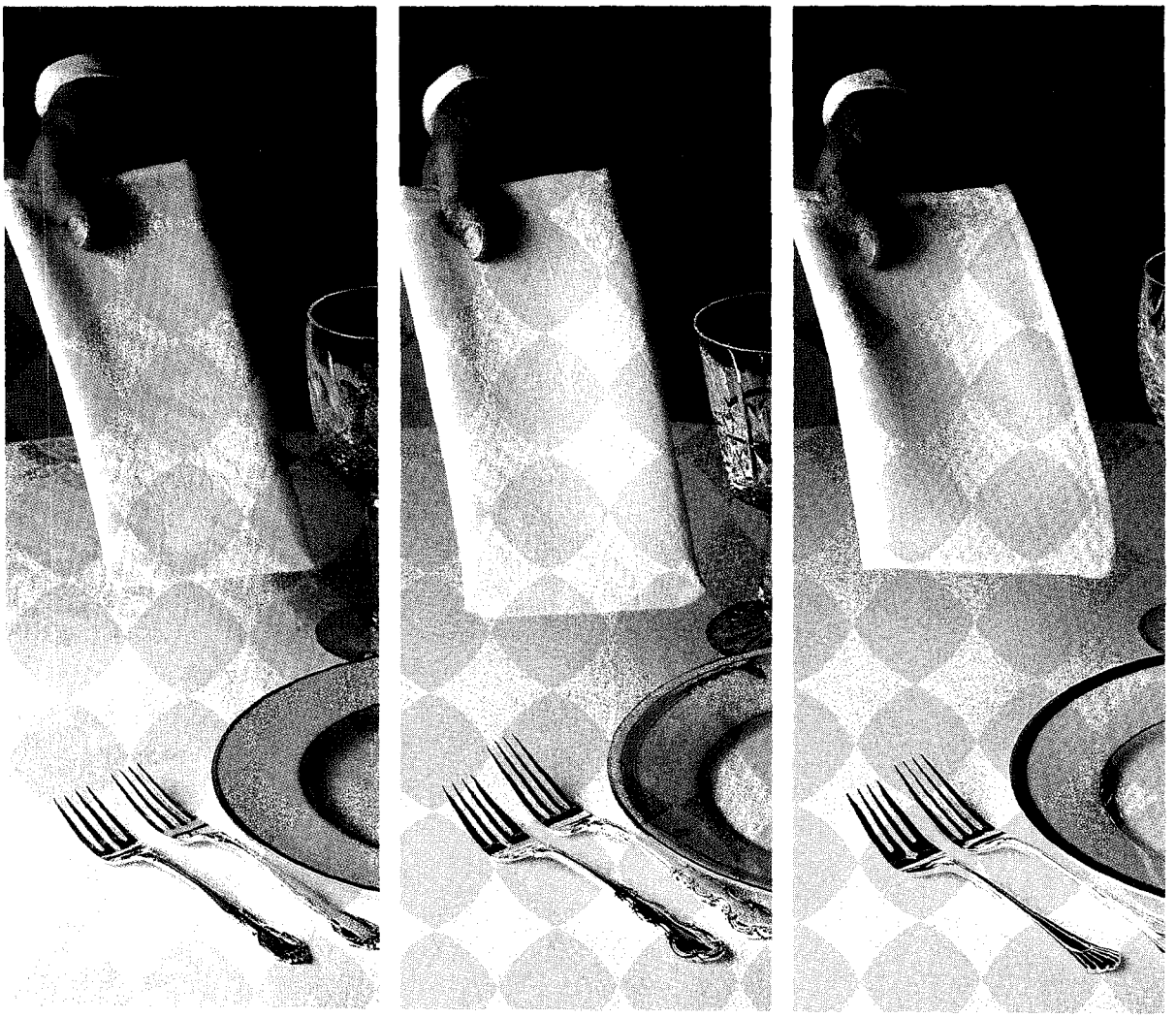

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